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DREAMS.

It comes upon mine ear—
The gushing of the crystal rills,
That through the caverned echo thrills,
The music of the lonely hills,
That oft I loved to hear.

And now they hurry me,
These sounds so soft, and sweet, and slow,
To where the bees are humming low,
And where the wild white roses blow—
Dreams! dreams! ye worry me!

I turn to sleep again,
And birds are resting in their flight,
Mid shining leaves, and all is bright
And lovely, for the evening light
Of summer paints the glen.

And stars are up, and some—
The ones I always loved the best—
Are glittering in the far-off west,
O'er hom- s where oft my soul had rest—
Dreams! dreams! why will ye come!

Once more I turn to sleep—
The moonbeams rest upon the sea,
All silently and lovingly,
And seated on the dark cliff, we
Are looking o'er the deep.

And over wave and shore,
We mark the moonlight's shadowy shower,
And with hushed bosoms feel the power,
Of the deep witchery of the hour—
Dreams! dreams!—I'll sleep no more!

A VISIT TO BERANGER.

I account it no small honour to have enjoyed a tete-a-tete, of an hour's length, with the first of the French lyrical poets—even Beranger himself, who has been well named the Burns of France, and of whom his country is as proud as is Scotland of her own immortal bard. The hope of seeing this celebrated writer formed no small item in my list of anticipated pleasures on leaving home, and amply was that hope fulfilled; for not only was I kindly welcomed by Beranger, and pressed to repeat my visit, but my translations of his songs and poems received the poet's marked approbation, expressed in a letter which he was so good as address to me on the subject a few days afterwards. Little did I expect, as I amused an occasional idle hour in translating "Le Violon Brise," "Le Vieux Sergent," "Les Etoiles qui lèlent," and others of Beranger's poems, that I should one day meet the good old man from whose warm heart and clear head they had emanated; and little would I have grudged my journey had my interview with the author of these pieces been its only recompense.

After being eight or ten days in Paris, I wrote a note to Beranger, stating that I had attempted a translation of parts of his works into English, and would feel honoured by having an interview accorded me when it might answer his convenience to grant it. The return of post brought me a polite reply, appointing the following Monday at ten o'clock for the meeting, and regretting that he could not allow me to choose my own time, as he was obliged very soon to go into the country. When Monday came, I got into an omnibus after breakfast, and enjoyed a pleasant ride to Passy, a village on the river-side, within three or four miles of Paris, and where Beranger has for some time resided. It wanted a quarter to ten when I arrived, so I had sufficient time to climb the hill on which Passy stands, and to inquire for Rue Vineuse, No. 21—the residence of the poet. A country youth showed me the house, which is a neat little mansion of two storeys, having a sort of bronze door, and a Venetian-blind-looking outside window-shutter everywhere to be met with in France. It was altogether such a dwelling as I had imagined a man of Beranger's simple taste likely to inhabit, and I felt a degree of reverence as I knocked at the gate. My summons was answered by an elderly servant maid, who, on my desiring to see Beranger, told me to follow her up stairs, which I did, catching a glimpse, as I crossed the lobby, of a well arranged flower-garden behind the house. On reaching the top of the uppermost stair, she opened a door, and said politely, "Entrez, monsieur, s'il vous plait," when I at once found myself in the presence of the French bard. He rose to receive me on my entrance with the politeness so natural to his nation, and at the same time with a degree of pleasant jocularly well calculated to put a stranger at his ease, and begged me to be seated on the easy chair which he had just left. When I wished to take another seat, Beranger intercepted me, placing his hands on my shoulder, and pressed me back into his own, replying laughingly to the acknowledgment of the honour he had done me in granting me the interview—"Ah, my dear sir, don't speak of it—there's little enough honour in being received by a poor fellow of an old bachelor like me—sit down then I beg of you." This was of course said in French, in which language all our conversation was conducted, as he scarcely understands a word of English. He then drew his seat close in front of mine, with so good-natured a look, that I felt under no more constraint than if I had known him for years. Should this meet the eye of any one who has enjoyed the privilege of intercourse with Beranger, he will recognise the poet's unaffected kindness in this little scene. Beranger's "studio" presented to the eye as little of the "pomp and circumstance" of literature, in which

souls of inferior calibre are apt to please themselves, as may well be imagined. An attic room with a bow-window—a bed with a plain blue check curtains at the one end of the apartment—a small table having a mahogany desk on it at the other—a couple of chairs—at most half-a-dozen of volumes—"voilà tout!"—"behold all." The first song-writer of France needed no artificial circumstance to give interest to his name or to his residence. As he himself says of his great Emperor (in the "Souvenirs du Peuple,"

"They will tell of all his glory round the hearth for many a day."

Beranger is a little man, I should say five feet five inches in height, about sixty five years of age, of a firm make, and apparently robust and healthy. He has an intellectual forehead, regular and handsome features, and a clear black eye. The principal expression of his face is, I think, that of kindness and shrewdness; and I at once set him down as a man of large and noble heart, as became a poet. He wore a gray dressing gown and a black silk cap; and the window of his room was darkened a little, so I suppose his sight is not very strong. The pictures we have of Beranger are, without exception, bad: the only good likeness which I could meet with being a little stucco cast, a copy of which I brought home with me, and which I shall be happy to show to any admirer of the original. But to return to our interview. Beranger expressed his regret that he could not talk much with me about the English poets, from his being unacquainted with the language, and so few of them being translated into French. He said it was remarkable that, after his own character as an author had been established for many years, his countrymen still persisted in considering him less as a poet than as a "chansonnier" (a writer of song); and that it was in Scotland his claim to the title of poet was first recognised, in an article in the Edinburgh Review. I told him he was considered by those who knew his writings in my native land, the Burns of France; to which he replied, that a prouder encomium could not be passed on him than was implied in that name, adding, that although he could not read Burns, he revered his memory from what he had heard of his works by friends who could. He had been intimate with Sir J. Mackintosh, whom he used to see often in Paris. Sir Walter Scott Beranger does not consider a great or correct writer. He complained of the errors to be found in "Quentin Durward" as to the life and character of Louis XI. of France, and generally of historical blunders. He admitted, however, that his novels were grand panoramas, in which appear splendid and interesting groups, but with few characters perfectly well drawn; and he remarked, that in all the novels of Sir Walter Scott, the interest of the reader attaches itself naturally to some other individual rather than to the hero or heroine—which he considered a defect—instancing "Ivanhoe," where Rebecca is the centre of interest, &c. &c. His poetry (Sir Walter's) Beranger understood to be enchanting. He mentioned also that, of the older works of fiction, "The Monks," by Lewis, and "Caleb Williams," by Goodwin, are most admired in France; he considers them both fine works. After some conversation, which I shall not here quote, in reference to living authors, we touched upon his own poems, some of which I told him were, I thought, unfit for translation into English, owing to the subject of them having either passed out of mind, or possessing an interest purely local. He expressed a desire that I should lend him my translations, that he might submit them to a friend of his who understands English thoroughly, and on whose opinion in literary matters he can rely; and having brought the pieces with me for that purpose, I left them with him, saying that should they meet his approbation, it might encourage me to the translation of others. On my naming the edition of his works which I possess, Beranger informed me that it was a very imperfect one, and said he regretted he had beside him only one copy of a correct edition, and that copy marked with typographical corrections of his own on the margin, but that if I would accept it, I should confer a favour on him. I told him I should value it very highly; so he wrote my name on it, and I put it into my pocket. We then talked for half an hour more, when I rose to depart, but he made me sit down again. Messages began to come in, however, so I bade him farewell, having first agreed to return in a few days to hear his opinion of my translations. He accompanied me to the stair, shook me warmly by the hand, and so we parted; and I left the amiable Beranger, whose songs will have an existence coequal with that of the language in which they are written.

Although Beranger has been little before the public of late, he still continues to write; but his present productions, as he told me, will not appear until after death. He smiled when I replied that I hoped in that case it might be long indeed ere we should see a new song of Beranger.

It is difficult to conceive the power which this author has over the popular mind in France. There is no doubt that his "Chansons" had an immense influence in producing the revolution of 1830, although he does not view the existing government with approbation, and has refused everything in the shape of boon or favour at its hands. At the funeral of his friend Lafitte, not long ago, which was attended by the king and princes, the royal carriages passed onward unnoticed; but when that of Beranger appeared, a burst of acclamation welcomed the poet of the people—his horses were unyoked, and hundreds strove for the honour of drawing him in triumph; it was with difficulty he persuaded them to desist. Beranger's retirement is far from being of a cynical or misanthropic character. He seems to have sought his "chamney corner" from a desire of repose after a busy, and, latterly, not unrewarded life; and to have carried to it, in its full strength, that generous susceptibility of friendship and patriotism which breathes in all his songs. He possesses a mighty lyre, one vibration of whose chords would still rouse a kingdom to attention.

THE WAR OF EXTERMINATION IN SPANISH AMERICA.

Amongst the number of individuals whom the hopes of gain, an ambitious spirit, or perhaps a more laudable motive, had induced to offer their services to

the oppressed inhabitants of Venezuela, who had just commenced the great work of regeneration, and appeared determined to free themselves from the shackles under which a gigantic despotism had so long retained them captive, was a man, whose amazing strength, extraordinary courage, and daring achievements, soon rendered him an object of peculiar interest. He had joined the republican Admiral (Brion) in the quality of volunteer; but the professional knowledge which he evinced and the cool intrepidity he displayed in several instances of extreme difficulty, speedily acquired him the confidence of his Commander, who embraced an early opportunity of recommending him to the special notice of the "Provisional Congress," by whom he was invested with the rank of Captain, and intrusted with a roving commission, with all due authority to take, sink, burn, or otherwise destroy all or any of the enemy's vessels, crews, or property, that he might encounter, either on the high seas, or hovering near the South American coast. The task thus assigned him, he performed with such rigorous perseverance, that the few ports which the patriots possessed were literally crowded with the prizes he made. Not a vessel quitted a Spanish harbour, but she was infallibly taken. In vain did the Spanish authorities, on the repeated entreaties of the Havannah merchants, send out men-of-war to capture him; he invariably eluded their pursuit, and as though he possessed the power of ubiquity, was ever to be met with by the ill-fated traders where they least anticipated his appearance. A reward of twenty thousand dollars was offered by Morillo for his head; within four and twenty hours after a placard, affixed to the door of the cathedral at Caracas, named fifty thousand as the price of the Captain General's, on its delivery to the Commander of El Vencedor. This bold stroke of policy alarmed the crafty Spaniard, who instantly adopted measures to insure his personal safety, whilst it equally served to increase the terror which the exploits of the "Spotted Pirate," (so he was termed) had already pretty generally inspired.

But I must beg my reader's permission to retrograde a little in my story, in order to narrate some events of prior date, which may tend considerably to illustrate the character and disposition of my hero, and place his subsequent conduct in the most favourable point of view to elicit an impartial judgment. "Pirate Brown," "Speckled Brown," or the "Spotted Pirate," (the two last appellations he was mainly indebted for to Dame Nature, who, in one of her unaccountable freaks, had covered his face and hands with blue freckles,) was a native of the Island of Barbadoes, and the illegitimate offspring of a European settler and a Mulatto woman. The moral code of our transatlantic colonies opposed no bar to such illicit intercourse, though it entirely discountenanced any matrimonial engagement between the whites and people of colour; those of the former (and the instances are few) who, either allured by riches, or induced by other motives, ventured to disregard this species of conventional prohibition, immediately lost caste. Degraded in the eyes of their former associates, they were shunned even by their nearest relatives; the door of hospitality which once stood open for their reception, was closed upon them for ever, and they had no other resource to escape the ignominy their *mésalliance* entailed upon them than to quit the colony.

The revolution, which about this period broke out in the neighbouring continent, appeared to offer an inviting asylum to emigrants of this description. Distinction of colour had been abolished in the new republics, and the slave who had been compelled to labour for the exclusive advantage of some imperious master, had now an interest in the soil which he cultivated; a twelve-month's enrolment in the military or naval service of the state perfected his manumission, and entitled him to aspire to the highest offices under government, provided that his natural talents or abilities were commensurate with the duties annexed to them. One of the first to avail himself of the advantages which this new order of things promised to afford was a Frenchman, of the name of St. Pierre; he had originally been a merchant in the Island of Martinique, but having contracted a marriage with one of the proscribed class, he found his business decline so rapidly, that, to save his fortune from total wreck he was compelled to quit that colony; and as his wife had some relations at Barbadoes, he decided upon settling there, trusting that as a stranger he would be permitted to pursue his avocations without exciting particular observation. Poor St. Pierre had, however, calculated without his host—in avoiding Charybdis, he had struck upon Scylla. The good Barbadoes kept aloof from the contaminating influence of his society as though he had introduced the plague under the semblance of a woman; and for several years he was under the necessity of confining himself strictly within the limits of the small plantation which he had purchased on his arrival, and which immediately adjoined the one belonging to the father of our hero. St. Pierre's family consisted of his wife and two daughters; Virginia, the eldest, at that period in her twelfth year, and Eliza, two years younger. An intimacy speedily arose betwixt the females of the two families, and old Brown himself (who did not altogether partake of the illiberal sentiments of his fellow islanders) appeared to take considerable pleasure in a social intercourse with his neighbour, who was a man of general information and pleasing manners.

Our hero, then but three years the senior of Virginia St. Pierre, became the inseparable companion of the two girls; he accompanied them in all their rambles, and partook of all their diversions; that, however, which in fine weather constituted their chief delight, was to beat about the harbour in a small sailing boat, which the young pilot managed with the skill, if not the experience, of an old seaman. On these occasions they were attended by an ancient slave of M. St. Pierre, who had been bred a fisherman, and under whose guidance the youthful party enjoyed this pleasurable recreation in perfect security. Virginia St. Pierre might be deemed tall for her age; her fine expressive countenance beamed with intelligence, her skin was unusually fair for her descent, and a casual observer would have been puzzled to detect the evidences of her maternal origin. Her dark sparkling eyes spoke volumes to the soul; her silken tresses, of the raven's hue, hung in clusters upon her neck—and such a neck! it might have vied in beauty with that of the Medicean Venus, and Praxiteles himself would have cast away his chisel in despair of executing its model. Eliza was much darker than her sister; her complexion being of a clear olive; her features were rather pleasing than regular, but her smile was fascinating; whilst on the contrary, the full, though elegantly arched eyebrows of the eldest gave a serious and even tragic cast to her countenance, not wholly foreign to her real disposition.

M. St. Pierre was a child of the revolution, and loved to dwell upon events in which he had been an active participator. Born in the middling rank of society, at Rouen, he felt a natural detestation at the oppressive encroachments of a proud and often illiterate aristocracy; he had been early taught to consider eminent talent and superior virtue as the only ennobling qualities that ought to distinguish one man from another; and it was with all the enthusiastic ardour which such sentiments inspired, that he joined the popular party in the sanguinary struggle which convulsed his native land; yet, whilst he rejoiced at the downfall of tyranny, he regretted the bloodshed its overthrow occasioned.

The bloody Robespierre, the frenetic Marat, and the blasphemous Danton, excited his abhorrence, and he fled with precipitation from a country which had given birth to such monsters. Virginia had often listened with intense interest to her father's recital of the horrors which attended that dreadful epocha, and whilst the round big tear of sensibility glistened in her large dark eyes, in sympathetic pity at the fate of the young and unfortunate Princess de Lamballe, her heart swelled with pride when any trait of magnanimity occurred in reparation of the many acts of barbarity which the narrator avowed had been too frequently exercised. She had readily imbibed all her father's principles of republicanism, and when she reflected on the invidious distinction to which the casualty of her own birth had subjected her, she felt indignant. These feelings "grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength;" and it was with the most heartfelt pleasure that she heard her father's declared intention (shortly after the commencement of the South American revolution) to quit Barbadoes, and retire to the Island of Margarita, from whence he might be able to carry on a commerce with the free ports on the Spanish main.

At the period M. St. Pierre formed the above resolution, young Brown was absent at Jamaica, whither he had gone in a small schooner of his father's, which he had some time commanded, and as his return was expected in a few days, it was agreed that they should await his arrival, and afford him the opportunity of conveying them to their destination. This arrangement gave considerable satisfaction to Virginia, who, with the sanction of her parents, made no scruple of confessing an attachment for her early companion; indeed, it was reciprocal, and both families regarded a future union equally certain as desirable. Ere a week had elapsed our hero returned, and readily undertook the charge assigned him. The preparations for the voyage were speedily completed, and having taken an affectionate farewell of his kind hearted neighbour, M. St. Pierre embarked on board the Mary. Nothing material occurred on the passage, which, with the aid of a favourable breeze, they effected within a much shorter period than they had anticipated.

Having landed at Pampatar, and consigned the ladies to the proffered hospitality of the Alcalde, M. St. Pierre and our hero hired mules, and attended by a native guide, proceeded to explore the interior of the island, in search of an appropriate residence. This they at length discovered in a small cottage, romantically situated in a deep glen, and only two miles distant from the port of Pueblo del Norte. Having settled the terms of possession with General Gomez (the Governor of the island), to whom it appertained, they retraced their steps to Pampatar. The Mary was again ordered underweigh, and in less than two hours she anchored in the port adjacent to M. St. Pierre's new dwelling; the furniture which he had brought from Barbadoes soon rendered its interior comfortable. The girls were delighted with their acquisition, and busied themselves in arranging every article so as to produce the most pleasing effect. Our hero having remained a week with this amiable family, expressed his intention of returning to Barbadoes.

The eve preceding the morning which he had fixed for his departure Virginia St. Pierre rather sought than avoided the request which her lover made for a private interview. She eagerly accepted his proffered arm, and passively suffered him to lead her a short distance from the house; here, under the cooling shade of a wide spreading plantain-tree, they seated themselves, and Brown was proceeding to plead his suit in all the ardent language of warm affection, when the romantic girl checked his effusions, and laying her hand gently upon his, thus addressed him, "Cease, Henry, to repeat professions which thy heart requires not to convince it of your sincerity. Listen to the voice of reason, and the advice that it suggests. We are both young; the opprobrium which the injustice of man cast upon our nativity first cemented a friendship, which years of intimate association have since ripened into a warmer attachment. The noble struggle in which the Venezuelans are at present engaged offers a fine field for the exercise of youthful ambition; you possess courage and energies that, if once roused, might open a path to immortal renown; no invidious distinction exists to damp the ardour of the first, or circumscribe bounds to the action of the latter; go, then, and tender your services to the gallant Commander of the Republican navy, and a brave and generous people in the glorious task of achieving their freedom, acquire a name that will make our illiberal contemporaries blush for their prejudice, and should you then deem the band of Virginia St. Pierre worthy your acceptance, it shall be religiously preserved for your disposal."

Our hero listened to the lovely girl's animated exordium with mingled feelings of tenderness and admiration, and, at its conclusion, he respectfully raised her hand to his lips, and vowed that her wishes should be his law. She rewarded his ready obedience with a smile, and hinting that her father might be uneasy at their absence, they arose and returned to the house.

The residue of the evening passed off heavily; the thoughts of parting had thrown a gloom over the spirits of the small party, and they retired early to rest. As Brown intended to depart before daylight, he bade adieu to the family, promising at the earnest entreaty of M. St. Pierre, to renew his visit to the island as frequently as his avocations admitted. During his short voyage to Barbadoes, our hero pondered seriously on his last conversation with Virginia; he could not help acknowledging the justice of her observations, and admiring the evident disinterestedness of her counsel; he had caught a spark from her enthusiasm, and his breast glowed with desire to pursue the road to glory which she had pointed out to him.

On his arrival, he consulted his father, who immediately acquiesced with his views, and to promote them, made him a present of the schooner, which he justly considered would (in the infant state of the Republican navy) prove an acceptable offering to the patriot Admiral. We have already related his reception by Brion, and his subsequent preferment to the command of "El Vencedor," a brig of war, in which he so harassed the enemy, and impeded his commerce, that he became a terror to the Havannah merchants and their marked victim in the event of his capture. But though engaged in a war of extermination, no act of deliberate cruelty, at that period, sullied his reputation; he invariably released the crews and passengers of the different prizes which he made, well aware of the fate that would have awaited them had he delivered them up to the tender mercies of the Venezuelan government, to whose sanguinary agents assassination had become a mere pastime. A scene he witnessed off Angostura, in the Orinoco, made an impression on his mind not easily to be effaced and was the chief motive that subsequently induced him to liberate the prisoners whom the fortune of war had cast upon his generosity. One morning, he received orders from a high quarter to cover with the guns of his vessel an execution which was to take place at noon. Disliking the office, but forced by the subordination imposed by his profession, to submit, he yielded obedience. At the hour appointed, two hundred unfortunate wretches were marched down to the water side, and embarked in two large launches, which had been lashed side to side for the purpose; each individual

had his arms confined behind his back with a leather thong. Padillo, a mulatto, and Commandant of the Flecheras, entered one of the boats, with a large naked sabre in his hand, followed by an individual bearing a rusty lance; the double launch (it presented that appearance) then took up her station under the cannon of "El Vencedor," and the work of massacre commenced. The victims, in regular rotation, were seized and laid upon their stomachs, with their heads resting on the gunwale; the ferocious Padillo dealt a single blow at the neck, whilst his attendant thrust the lance into the palpitating body, and cast it overboard, to be carried down the river by the stream. At the commencement, the monster's blow generally proved fatal, as, in several instances, he entirely severed the head from the trunk; but as his arm became tired, his strokes fell more feeble, and, notwithstanding the intended *coup de grace* inflicted by the lance-bearer, several bodies, as they floated past, gave evident marks of vitality. Padillo was often under the necessity of pausing to draw breath, and when he had accomplished about half his task, he cast his bloody weapon aside, and calling for a glass of spirits and water, which one of the attendants mixed him, he drank it off, apologizing, with the most unpardonable and bitter irony, to the trembling wretches who awaited their death, for the anxiety which he caused by detaining them. Let us hasten to terminate the description of this horrid scene; the execution proceeded till every victim had perished, and our hero, as he retired to his cabin from the quarter-deck, where he had been an unwilling spectator of the recent slaughter, felt half inclined to curse the hour that he entered the service. The active life in which he was engaged soon, however, blunted these first impressions of disgust; he considered that the conduct of the Spaniards, if it did not wholly justify, at least palliated, this severe application of the "*lex talionis*;" and though his own natural humanity would not suffer him personally to perpetrate similar reprisals on a defenceless enemy, yet he daily heard of deeds committed degrading to human nature, without feeling the same emotions they had formerly excited in his bosom. Alas! he had yet to learn to what extent of ruthless barbarity the passions of men, when stimulated by revenge, could lead them.

Our hero had contrived to make several trips to the island of Margarita (whither his fame had preceded him), where the applause lavished upon him by his lovely mistress, amply repaid him for the toils he endured. He was now, however, to bid her adieu for a longer period than usual, having received orders to make a cruise off Cadiz. Previous to his departure, he had obtained Virginia's consent to their union on his return, and he proceeded to his destination elate with hopes of happiness which were never doomed to be realized.

We must now leave our hero to pursue his voyage, and return to the island of Margarita, which was about to become the theatre of most sanguinary events; and as it may not prove uninteresting to the generality of my readers to learn something of an island which, during the revolutionary struggle, was the frequent bone of content on betwixt the belligerent parties, I shall give a brief description of its situation and resources, which will sufficiently account for the importance attached to its possession. The island of Margarita is separated from the Continent by a strait only eight leagues wide, and is situated to windward of all the best ports of Caracas, upon the Captain-Generalship of which it is dependant; it is sixteen marine leagues in length, six in breadth, though in some parts two or three; its surface is thirty one square leagues; the city of Assumption is its capital and residence of the Governor; its population, at the commencement of the war averaged from twelve to fourteen thousand souls, but this number has been greatly reduced by the bloody conflict and indiscriminate massacre to which it has on several occasions been subjected, having been taken and retaken six times; it has three ports, the principal of which is Pampatar, situate on the south-east coast, "Pueblo de la Mar," a league and a half to the westward of the former, and "Pueblo del Norte" (as its name denotes), in the northern part of the island; a reef of coral rocks renders this last dangerous to mariners unacquainted with its navigation. The general appearance of the coast is steep and rocky, the interior is, however, fertile; the rocky island of Coche leaves only a narrow pass of two leagues betwixt it and the Continent, but which is not deemed dangerous, from the calmness which usually prevails in this part of the Caribbean Sea. Its chief trade consists in fish, of which immense quantities, and variety of species, are caught. An extensive pearl fishery is likewise carried on, the island of Coche being the rendezvous for those engaged in this traffic. It is, upon the whole, much better situated than Trinidad for a commerce with the free ports of the Spanish main. But to return to my tale.

Our hero had been absent nearly six months, the period allotted for the duration of his cruise, and Virginia St. Pierre, in hourly expectation of her lover's return, would often stray, accompanied by her sister and the faithful slave Jaques (who had been the constant attendant of their juvenile excursions in the island of Barbadoes), to the little port of "Pueblo del Norte;" there, as they preambulated the beach, she would frequently arrest her steps, and gaze with an anxious look over the blue expanse of water, as if in pleasing anticipation of beholding the expected sail; she consoled herself, however, for the continual disappointment she experienced with the hope that her next visit might prove more propitious. Several days thus passed, when, one morning, as she was enjoying her accustomed promenade, with her two companions, the small fort near which they loitered hoisted the signal of a "sail in sight;" Virginia's heart palpitated with delight, as she eagerly exclaimed, "He comes at last; it is my Henry!" The fort now gave signal of two more sail; again the ardent girl ejaculated, "They must be prizes to my Henry!" and she strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the vessels, but they were still too distant to allow of her curiosity being gratified; her spirits, buoyant with pleasure, gave elasticity to her step, and she continued to walk up and down the beach with such rapidity, that Eliza, who already panted for breath, could scarcely keep up with her; as to old Jaques, he very prudently declined the attempt, and, seated on a low projecting rock, amused himself by alternately regarding his mistress and the wide-spreading ocean before him.

About half-an hour had elapsed, when the report of a gun was heard in the direction of the Castle of Pampatar; in a few minutes, signals were descried flying on the different forts, to give notice that an enemy's squadron was approaching the island; the drums beat to arms, and all in an instant was confusion and dismay; the batteries were quickly manned, the militia began to assemble, and every preparation was made to receive the foe with, at least, the courage of desperation. Virginia, on the first intimation of this unexpected occurrence, and though her late sanguine hopes had been so cruelly blighted, lost not her natural presence of mind; the only anxiety which she now felt was for her father's safety, and with the swiftness of the doe pursued by the hounds, she bounded along the path which led to her dwelling, and soon found herself encircled by a parent's arms. M. St. Pierre was on the threshold of his cottage, with a servant, whom he was about to despatch in search of his daugh-

ters, and to learn the cause of the alarm which had reached him. The little family were soon assembled, and began to discuss the best means of providing for their mutual security. Virginia implored her father to retire to the mountains, with what provisions they could muster, until the issue of the contest was decided. To this, M. St. Pierre objected, not wishing to expose the females to the misery and privations which such a measure would necessarily have entailed upon them; he argued, besides, that the extremely isolated position of their present residence might equally answer the purposes of concealment, and that, even in the event of their being discovered, their quality of strangers, having no connexion with, or apparent interest in, the dispute, would prove a sufficient plea for claiming protection. Though this last argument had some weight it did not entirely satisfy Virginia's scruples, or calm her apprehensions; she yielded, however, to her father's wishes, and it was decided they should remain in their present abode.

The thunder of the cannon announced that the action had commenced. Several old men and women, with children (some at the breast) were seen flying towards the mountains,—an alternative they preferred to that of trusting to Spanish clemency. These poor creatures appeared to be overwhelmed with grief and despondency; their fathers, husbands, and brothers were then engaged in the deadly strife, and they knew not whether they should ever again be united to those endearing ties! In the mean time the battle raged with unabated fury on both sides, the forts held out so long as they were tenable, but the vast superiority of the enemy at length succeeded in capturing and retaining possession of them. The gallant artillerymen, to a man, were sabred at their guns, the brave militia disputed every inch of ground with heroic fortitude, and the obstinate defence ceased only with the lives of the patriot defenders.

By sunset the cruel Spaniards were undisputed masters of the island, when a scene of horror ensued which baffles description. All the unfortunate beings who had not availed themselves of the friendly shelter of the mountain fastnesses, were, without regard to age or sex, indiscriminately butchered. The palsied limbs of venerable age could oppose no shield to the assassin's dagger, whilst tender infancy, suffering all the tortures of impalement, writhed with convulsive pain round the lance's point upon which it had been elevated. Such were the horrors that constantly attended the victors' progress through the island, which at the expiration of three days presented the appearance of a vast cemetery.

The family of M. St. Pierre had hitherto the good fortune to escape detection. The cottage, embowered in a thick grove of plantain-trees, was not at all visible from the main road, though situated in its immediate vicinity. The shouts and even tramp of the Spanish soldiery had been often audible to the trembling inmates as they huddled together in all the silence of fearful expectancy, and as these sounds died upon the ear they would congratulate each other on that special protection which Providence appeared to afford them. M. St. Pierre well knew that the enemy had conquered, though he was not aware to what excess his vengeance had been carried. Old Jaques had been employed during the first day in collecting information; but his master would not suffer him any more to run the risk of discovery, so that no additional intelligence could be procured. They had, luckily, abundance of salt provisions, and might even look forward to the lapse of several weeks ere they would be compelled by want to seek supplies beyond the interior of their small establishment. The second evening of their retirement, however, brought with it an event which, whilst it was calculated to alarm the family, gave but too fatal proof of the enormities committed in the immediate neighbourhood of their residence. It had been dark nearly two hours, M. St. Pierre and his little family were seated at their frugal repast, every precaution had been adopted (by suspending blankets, &c.,) to prevent the light of the candle from piercing the crevices of the window shutters and thus attracting the notice of passengers, old Jaques was in attendance, (the other two domestics, being Creoles of the island, had, at the express desire of their master, fled to the mountains,) when suddenly the tramp of heavy footsteps, mingled with the sound of voices in seeming altercation, struck dread into the heart of each individual. This conversation was considerably heightened when, a few moments after, a piercing female shriek gave evident tokens of deep distress. The shrieks were repeated at intervals till they became fainter and fainter, and were at last lost in a still more appalling. This was shortly broken by the shock of a dead weight striking against the door of the cottage, and which emitted a hollow reverberating sound, producing a correspondent effect upon the nerves of the agitated listeners. M. St. Pierre was the first to recover from the panic which this incident occasioned; his humane heart panted to succour the unfortunate woman, but when his eye rested upon his wife and daughter, and he reflected on the probable fate to which any rash act might expose them, he smothered his emotions. He listened attentively, but all was again hushed. Resolved upon ascertaining what had struck the door, he advanced towards it, accompanied by Jaques, and cautiously unbarred it. But what language can portray his feelings when, on examining the substance which lay on the threshold, he discovered it to be the lifeless body of a female infant, not more than nine months old. The little innocent had manifestly been strangled, the pressure of fingers being visible on its throat. The force with which it had been hurled against the door had likewise literally dashed its brains out, and it presented a most horrid and terrific spectacle. M. St. Pierre directed Jaques to convey it to a back room, and cover it with a sheet, determined to avail himself of the first favourable opportunity to consign it to the peaceful grave. To attempt a description of the sensations which this melancholy occurrence excited in the bosoms of Madame St. Pierre and her lovely daughters would be impossible. Suffice it to say, they felt like women who had everything to dread from monsters capable of such atrocity, and by whom any plea for mercy would, they well knew, be equally fruitless as disregarded.

Meantime Brown had been extremely successful in his cruise, having despatched several prizes to the Orinoco, and having fulfilled the term of his commission, his thoughts naturally wandered to that island, which contained the only treasure which he coveted, and it was with much pleasure that he found himself at liberty to turn the prow of his vessel towards that point of the compass which would convey him to the desired port. Light and contrary winds, however, baffled his hopes and roused his impatience, nor was it until after a much longer period than is usually requisite for the voyage that he discovered the long-wished for beacon in the lofty mountain of Macanon*. As it glittered in the rays of the morning sun, he hailed its appearance with delight, and testified his satisfaction by a more than usual courtesy of manners towards his officers. Shortly after noon they were rapidly approaching the land, and having hailed a fishing-boat, of which several were in sight, they first learnt the

* The mountain of Macanon, in the island of Margarita, is above two thousand feet high, and composed of micaceous schistus.

news of the enemy's invasion. Our hero's anguish may be naturally conceived; fear for his Virginia's safety was the predominant sensation, whilst he lamented that his small force was inadequate to effect an open descent upon the island. He resolved, however, with the advice of his officers, to continue to beat about the coast until night, and, as he was well acquainted with every creek and inlet of the island, he thought he might (aided by a boat's crew of his most devoted followers) be enabled to penetrate to St. Pierre's dwelling. The risk was great, but he determined to incur it rather than longer support the torture of suspense. In the preparation for his daring enterprise we shall now leave him, and return to the inhabitants of the cottage.

Nothing had occurred to disturb the family since the shocking event of the second evening. The fourth day since the landing of the enemy had now drawn to a close, M. St. Pierre was endeavouring to console his dejected companions with visions of hope. (he himself half doubted would ever be realised,) when a tremendous blow shivered the outer door to atoms, and ere the paralyzed tongues of any present could utter an ejaculation the room was filled by a party of armed Spaniards.

"A snug nest of rebels!" pronounced in a gruff voice by one of the unwelcome intruders, first roused St. Pierre to a sense of the imminent danger that awaited all dear to him. He instantly addressed the person who appeared to be the chief, and, stating his name, country, and peaceful occupation, solicited protection. Virginia had thrown herself before her father, and, in an attitude of supplication (which even wild beasts would have respected) continued to gaze upon the ferocious banditti. She spoke not, but her very silence was expressive. The Commander, struck with the elegance of her person, bade her calm her fears, saying that he would listen to her father at his leisure. He now desired that refreshments might be procured for himself and party, which M. St. Pierre, from motives of policy, immediately directed Jaques to furnish in abundance.

The soldiers, on a sign from their chief, retired to the kitchen; a second officer alone remained with his superior in the parlour, where, in a few minutes, a table was substantially spread for their accommodation, and at which the two Spaniards insisted upon M. St. Pierre and the ladies taking their seats. From the conversation that took place between the strangers St. Pierre gleaned that they came from the city of Assumption, and were on their way to Plueblo del Norte, at which port they intended to embark on the morrow for Caraccas. It appeared, likewise, that, from the darkness, they had verged from the direct road, and that to this accidental deviation their present visit might be attributed. St. Pierre determined, for the sake of his family, to treat them with politeness, trusting that they would soon resume their journey. But his guest appeared in no hurry to quit the comfortable quarters which chance had procured them, and their libations became both deep and frequent. They had forced their host to pledge them to the health of the beloved "Ferdinand the Seventh," and they continued themselves to quaff such a number of toasts to the downfall of republicanism and the extermination of its supporters, that the wine at length took an effect upon their reason,—their language became loud and boisterous, and more than once assumed a degree of freedom inconsistent with the respect due to the females upon whom they had forced their society. Virginia's dignified conduct at first repressed these ebullitions of ill-breeding; but the more they advanced to a state of inebriation, the less weight her remonstrances had upon them. At this moment a soldier (who had probably made the discovery in his search for plunder) rushed in the room, with the mangled corpse of the murdered infant. In the uproar that ensued M. St. Pierre's attempt at explanation, or asseverations of innocence, were wholly unheeded. The officers, doubtless, deemed it a plausible pretext for proceeding to extremities. A blow from the butt-end of a musket, which almost instantly deprived the father of life, was the signal for an indiscriminate attack upon his defenceless family. Poor Jaques, as the price of his fidelity, which prompted him to make a vain effort to defend his master, was bayoneted by one of the ruffians, and lay extended on the floor, weltering in his blood. The shouts of the demon-soldiery, altogether combined to form a scene beyond the power of imagination to paint. . . . And here let us draw a veil over the atrocities perpetrated by these barbarians, since humanity would revolt at the perusal of enormities which only terminated in the death of the already inanimate victims.

But these deeds of horror were not doomed to pass unavenged. Retribution was at hand, and Jaques, ere he breathed his last, had the satisfaction to witness its consummation. With the rapidity of the lightning's vivid flash the arm of omnipotent vengeance, intrusted to mortal agency, descended upon the heads of the astonished miscreants. Foaming with rage,—(the lioness deprived of her whelps would have been meek in comparison.)—our hero, at the head of his few brave associates, burst into the den of slaughter, and in an instant not a Spaniard existed.

I shall not attempt to depict our hero's feelings,—the task would be fruitless. The work of just retaliation performed, he cast himself upon the body of his murdered mistress, from which no earthly power could force him to separate. His officers and men, aware of the danger of longer delay, in vain urged his departure, until they offered to bear his Virginia's remains to the vessel. To this proposal he submitted. The return to the boat was effected ere daylight, and in mournful silence. On regaining the deck of his ship a temporary bier was constructed for the body, into which, enveloped by the Venezuelan flag it was laid. Surrounded by his officers and crew, our hero knelt and made the vow, (which he ever after faithfully preserved,) that in future no circumstance should induce him to spare a Spaniard. "No," added he, in conclusion, "the epithets which men have hitherto conferred upon me shall be all effaced by the dreadful one I now assume, and henceforth swear to prove an undisputed title to. Spain's children yet unborn shall tremble when they read what history will record,—the acts of retributive justice inflicted on their fathers by the exterminating sword of 'The Avenger.'"

MAJOR LYNCH'S JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AMONG THE GHILZIES IN 1839-40.

(Continued.)

August 10th.—Marroo Khan, the chief whose fort Captain Nicolson some time ago destroyed, came to me to request permission to repair it again. He brought me no letter or document to show that his majesty had pardoned him for past offences; but he is not under my authority, and I really know nothing against him, and his case may be a similar one to that of Wuloo Khan's for all I know. I know myself but little about his guilt, and the unfortunate fellow does not look a very desperate character. I dismissed him with an evasive answer, and promised that I would consider his case. He is a Turrukee Ghilzie, and not a Tokhy, and at the head of a very respectable clan called the Marroo Khile. Their lands border on the Tokhy country, and this circumstance

alone renders it necessary that I should know as much as possible about them, although they are not under my immediate jurisdiction.

11th.—Wrote to the envoy, strongly recommending the withdrawal of the troops altogether from my district. This will be a saving to the government of at least twenty thousand rupees a month in the camel hire department alone.

Mustered my Tokhy horse, with a view to their organization. The men are to get about one shilling a day, and to keep their own horses—the commanders of hundreds, one hundred and fifty Kandahar rupees a month, or about twelve pounds—the commanders of fifties, eight rupees, or about six pounds; and the commanders of tens, thirty-five Kandahar rupees, about three pounds a month. This pay, considering the dearth of forage in the country, is small, and the fellows are not by any means satisfied with it. I have, of course, given them the option of remaining or going away as they think proper; and many of them have taken their leave. The Khan (Mahomed Afzul,) who is their sirdar, has done all in his power to keep them, but without success, and he now fears their departure will have a bad effect on our policy; and under these circumstances, I have agreed to pay those who have remained, pending a reference to the envoy. Company's rupees instead of Candahar, at which they appear much pleased, and amused me in the evening with their sporloobazee: this is a kind of horsemanship, in which the Afghans excel. A small skull-cap is thrown on the ground, some two or three hundred paces in front of the troop, and the men gallop out one by one, bringing their horses at full speed to the cap, at which they discharge their matchlocks, and seldom miss it; after the discharge, the cap is seen blown up in the air. (for the muzzle of the piece is actually placed close to it.) The reins are allowed to lie on the horses' neck, and the miserable brutes not unfrequently fall; and one young man to-day got seriously hurt from a fall; he was senseless for some time, and sent to his home in a dangerous state, after the doctor had brought him to his senses a little. They are a very fine body of men, but their horses are miserable-looking animals.

16th.—The envoy has approved of my sending the troops into Candahar, and they start, much to the delight of both officers and men, en route to that city to-morrow morning; and shall be left alone with my wild Tokhies, rather a bold measure, to say the least of it. I keep a small escort of foot and horse to protect my treasure, or rather to keep up a little show of force, for they would be of no use if the Ghilzies thought proper to molest me; but I have the greatest confidence in them. The envoy, indeed, wishes me to have seven hundred of the newly-raised horse, called Janbaz, and two or three hundred Jazailchees; but these would do me more harm than good, and cause endless disputes in their intercourse with the peasants. Under this impression, I have requested as a particular favour that they shall not be sent. I must now depend on my own resources, and I have promised the envoy to keep this country quiet during the winter if he will but give me his entire confidence. He coincides with me, and appears much pleased with the manner in which I am managing the wildest tribe in Afghanistan.

My letters from Candahar are by no means encouraging. The Balloooh insurgents, under their young chief, Nusseer Khan, are marching on Quettah, and General Nott has been obliged to send a regiment of infantry, two guns, and a strong body of horse to relieve our troops stationed there; but before they can arrive, the place may, like Kellat, fall into the hands of the insurgents—a misfortune, however, which I trust will not befall us.

19th.—A number of the horsemen who left me the other day because I would not give them what they considered sufficient pay, came to me to-day and begged that I would allow them to rejoin the ranks. It appears that Sultan Mahomed, on hearing what they had done, got very much annoyed, and threatened to oblige them to attend for nothing. A young man, a nephew of his, by name Bahrom Khan, who commanded one hundred men and also struck work with his men, the Sultan has seized and bastinadoed, and now sends him, without shoe or stocking on his feet, to beg pardon for what he has done, and protests that if he does not obtain pardon he will banish him the country. He is a very fine young man, and I have been induced, by the entreaties of his uncle, Afzul Khan, to allow him to return.

Meer Allum, who, after the interview with Sultan Mahomed, returned to his tribe, writes me to say that Gul Mahomed (Gooroo) had, on receiving two hundred rupees, given back the camels he drove off some time ago. It now appears that he was in some degree justified in acting as he did, for the owners of the camels owed him the two hundred rupees. Meer Allum also informs me that letters have arrived in this country from the ruler of the Punjab, Nonasal Sing, to the Gooroo; and this gentleman being in rebellion, or at all events unfriendly to the Shah's government, it is presumed that the letters are also of an unfriendly description. The Khan promises to procure them for me, and as at the present time, when it is very nearly proved beyond doubt that the Sikh government has been encouraging the Afghans to rebel and give us trouble, a letter sealed by Nonasal Sing would be all that we require to march an army into the Punjab, and thus put the finishing stroke to our north-western policy. I wrote to the Khan, and promised to reward him handsomely if he procured the letters; and I have no doubt but he will get them, if they really have come into the country.

Wrote to Sultan Mahomed Khan to come to see me for the purpose of being presented with his majesty's firman, granting him a pardon for past offences, and also to settle a salary for himself and his younger brother. He at present gets no settled salary from the king, and before his majesty's arrival in the country, he (Sultan Mahomed) used to collect a tax on the road, which he cannot now do; it is, therefore, necessary that something in lieu should be given to him, in order to insure his friendship and permanent observance of the arrangements we have already made with him.

Siffo, who was confined some days ago for collecting money under false pretences, and otherwise maltreating the peasants in this neighbourhood, was brought before me again to-day, charged with having seduced the namzad (betrotthed) of another man. This offence is considered in this country the most dangerous and heinous that can be committed. I of course asked the Khan (Mahomed Afzul) why he had liberated the prisoner and thus enable him to become an offender so soon after his former trial. He informed me that he had escaped a few nights previous from the men who had charge of him. It appears Siffo had occasion to go outside the fort in which he was confined, accompanied by two men; he was allowed to go a few paces from them, and the night being dark, and seeing a favourable opportunity, he made his escape. "In fact," added the Khan, "Siffo is an ibles (devil,) and it is impossible to keep him secure in any prison."

The fathers of families in this country, immediately after the birth of a female child, begin to look out for a youth in some other family of equal rank with themselves, to whom they may betroth the new-born infant. This they do to prevent them when grown up to maturity becoming the object of desire to other young men; and it rarely happens, except in a solitary instance like that now under consideration, when the offender is an enemy to everything in the shape

of social principle, that a namzad is seduced, for it is incumbent on the family of the youth who has lost his betrothed to take up arms and demand the offender from the clan to which he belongs. Instances have been known of such offenders having been put to death; in short, as I remarked before, the offence is considered one of a most heinous nature. Any strange youth who comes into a fort or village where he sees a pretty girl who attracts his attention, will immediately ask whether or not she is betrothed, and if she be not, which is seldom the case, he will endeavour to wed her, and to obtain his object, will meet her, and in the presence of the villagers drag off her cloak or sheet and gallop away with it, thus establishing a kind of claim to her; and no young man will marry her after this, so that her family are obliged to succumb, and the youth thus gets his wife; but this can never be done in the case of a namzad, for on such occasions no reconciliation can properly take place. Siffo takes great credit to himself for what he has done; he says that the young lady he has taken off is a namzad, but that the man to whom she was betrothed has been absent for years, and for all he knows, has gone to London, and in all probability will never come back. Doubtless this is the kind of language he made use of to persuade the lady to abscond with him. I recommended the khan to have her brought back to her house again; and it fortunately happens for Siffo that her family are very poor and weak, and the khan will be able to settle matters quietly; but Siffo is banished, with a promise that if he returns to this country he is to be blown away from a gun. Indeed, I have but little doubt that such will be his end; and it is to me really wonderful how he can manage to perpetrate these crimes without a hand to assist him, for it must be remembered I have before said that his hands were cut off for undertaking to assassinate the king.

22d.—The spiritual adviser of Sultan Mahomed Khan came to me to-day with a letter from the khan. This gentleman informs me that the khan's followers will not allow him to come to me as I desired, swearing to him that they have positive intelligence of Major Leech's having left Candahar with 700 horse, lightly equipped, for the purpose of meeting the khan in the valley of the Turnuck, and seizing him, take him prisoner to India. The khan writes me thus:—"You are probably aware that before the army came into this country, when Major Leech was passing through, *en route* to Candahar, I demanded the usual tax paid by merchants on these roads, and the major refusing to pay me, I detained some of his property. Indeed, I need not add that he is a great enemy of mine; and I now understand that he is on his way to Cabool with a large party of horse; and my friendship for you is so great, that I would not think of placing myself in his way, fearing that he might seize me, and thus get you a *bad nam* (bad name) in this country. *Insha ulla* (please God,) so soon as he shall have passed through the country, I shall come to you, and we can make all the necessary arrangements, and you know we can meet at any time." I could not help laughing at the letter when I had read it; but it gives me a very good idea of the evil effect which arises from government servants working in direct opposition to each other, which was the case with Wulou Khan in this country some months ago, when one government servant guaranteed him pardon and safety, and by a mistake, another servant of government seized him and placed him in chains. I must now wait till Major Leech passes through my district, and I fear it will be a long time before that officer makes his appearance; but again it is to be hoped that the sultan will get over his fears in a day or two, when he sees that he has been deceived by his followers; and I have sent his brother, Mahomed Afzul, to speak to him, and assure him that so long as he keeps faithful to his majesty's government, he will be treated with kindness and respect by every British officer.

Two wild-looking fellows came to me to-day from Gul Mahomed Khan, (Gooroo.) They are the bearers of letters from the khan. He writes to say, that he has received two letters from our enemies (the sons of Runjeet Sing) unfavourable to us—that he has also letters from Yar Mahomed, the Wuzzeer of Herat, inviting him to that city; but that, hearing of the kind manner in which I had treated Sultan Mahomed and his family, he was desirous of forming my acquaintance, and returning to his duty to the King. "I sent my nephew," writes the khan "some time ago to Ghuznee to make his salam to the Prince, and he was treated with contempt; and on his return, to show how annoyed I was, I drove off a number of camels, the property of your friends. I am now ready to come to any terms you may think proper to dictate." This khan possesses the same influence in the Hotuck tribe that Sultan Mahomed does in the Tokhy tribe; and it would be a great point gained, if I could manage to tame him, and get him to be friendly to our interest. With this view, I wrote him a very civil letter, and promised to intercede with his majesty for him, and endeavour to gain his pardon. His men received the greatest kindness, and were dismissed.

27th.—My little guard of infantry, seeing a cloud of horse approaching our camp, turned out, and the serjeant came to report to me that a large body of horse was advancing. On inquiry, I found that the party was that of Sultan Mahomed, who had taken courage, and now come to visit me. On his arrival I received him in the usual way. On our sitting down, the tent was immediately filled with the minor chiefs, who had accompanied him. After some trifling conversation, the khan got up, and requested a private interview, when I took him into another tent. He now informed me that the money I had been giving to his brother, Mahomed Afzul, had caused a good deal of bad blood in the family; that, instead of dividing, or rather sharing it with his brothers, Afzul had been eating it all himself: in fact, that it was now necessary that we should make some arrangement by which to insure the union and friendship of all his family. "There are many of them," said he, "that you have not seen—wild, reckless fellows, who, if displeased, would think nothing of going on the road to-morrow, and plundering a caravan, and thus bring us all into disgrace." I could easily see the wisdom of this remark, and, agreeing with the khan, settled the pay of all those of his family possessing influence in the tribe, and his own salary, in lieu of the tax he used to levy on the high road. We had a long conversation to-day on the future management of the country; and I hope I have done much towards its permanent tranquillity. The khan, having obtained a promise from me that I would write to the Envoy, and have his family brought from the neighbourhood of Peshawur, where he had taken them for protection during the rebellion, took his leave, promising to return to me to-morrow. Shortly after his departure Mahomed Afzul arrived, and does not appear to be at all satisfied with the pay we have settled for him—indeed he is much enraged.

A letter from my friend, Meer Allum, inclosing one he had stolen from the pouch of one of the followers of Gul Mahomed Khan. It is from a confidential adviser of Yar Mahomed Khan, of Herat, to Gul Mahomed Khan, to whom he writes thus:—"You are a splendid fellow to hold out so long, and I have shown your letter to the Wuzzeer, (Yar Mahomed Khan,) who was much pleased with its contents, and desires me to say that he can't write to you himself at the present; but if you or any of the family of Sultan Mahomed, of the Tokhy

tribe, wish to come to Herat, he will be happy to see you; and if you want power, will give you the government of Furrah, in Siestan. The Russians have arrived at Khiva, and the English (Farringees,) are endeavouring to make terms with Mahomed Shah, of Persia; but nothing has as yet been settled." I wrote, and thanked the khan for sending me this letter, which goes to prove that a correspondence does exist between Gul Mahomed and the confidential advisers of the Herat minister. I have also positive evidence of letters having been sent into this country from Yar Mahomed, who, however, never attaches his seal to the letter, but puts it on a separate piece of paper, which the messenger is directed to show, as a proof of the authenticity of it, when he reaches his destination. This is very artful, and worthy of this cunning minister; for, in case his letter should be intercepted, it is of no consequence without his seal; and even if the person to whom it was addressed gave it up to us in proof of the enmity of our Herat ally, which is frequently done, no notice could be taken of it. To prove the authenticity of a letter, it is not only necessary to prove the writer's seal actually attached to it, but the handwriting of the clerk usually employed to write the private letters of men in power.

Sitting outside my tent enjoying the cool breeze which flows from the snowy mountains of the Hindoo Koosh down the extensive valley of the Turnuck at this season of the year, I remarked a crowd of peasants evidently listening to some person singing. On inquiry I found the person who was amusing the crowd, to be a young man supposed by the people to be inspired. I had him brought to me, he is a fine looking youth, of a peculiarly wild and careless appearance, and I should say by no means sound in his mind. He employs his time in singing love songs to all the boys and girls in the country. On inquiring more minutely into the causes of his present condition, the khan told me that some five or six years ago, the youth had lost his namzad (betrothed.) It would appear that he had not the money which is invariably given to the parents of the girl before a marriage can take place, but this misfortune did not prevent him from seeing his intended whenever he could spare time from tending his flocks. The difficulty was where to meet her, it would not be safe for him to be seen frequently in the village of the young girl without permission from her parents, nor would it be correct for her to be seen in his village, and to obviate this difficulty they had agreed to meet in the evenings on the boundary of the two clans. When winter came on they still continued their visits, but one evening, the snow lying deep on the ground, the girl was on her way to the usual rendezvous, when she was attacked by wolves and torn to pieces. On the arrival of the youth at the place, he expected to see his namzad, he was disappointed, and walked in the direction she usually came from, but had not gone far, before he discovered the mangled body of his betrothed. The khan concluded by saying that the young fellow from being a hard working quiet youth, had become careless, and gradually turned into the miserable state I beheld him. Seeing that this tale very much interested me, some of the khan's followers related a number of very amusing love stories which went to prove that Cupid is not unknown in these wilds.

My letters from Cabool to day state that some of the Doorannee nobles about the court, have been detected carrying on a correspondence with the ex-Ameer of Cabool, Dost Mahomed Khan, who it would appear has escaped from his prison, and fled from Bokhara. Sir Alexander Burnes writes me that great excitement prevails in the capital, owing to its not being known what are the intentions of the ex-Ameer. We have got all his family with the exception of one son, Akbar Khan, in the citadel of Ghuznee, and it is to be hoped that his views are of a friendly nature. The envoy in answer to my letters pointing out the necessity of conciliating all the family of the sultan, writes "I quite concur with you as to the expediency of employing as many of the sons of Shaboclon, (Shaboclon was a great character in this country, and during his lifetime was chief of the Tokhy tribe, he was father of Sultan Mahomed Khan) as possible, but the mode of their employment I must leave to your discretion. It is essentially necessary especially at the present crisis, that they should be conciliated." I hope they are in good keeping, and two or three of them generally dine or breakfast with me every day, and accompany me on my shooting excursions all over the country. Indeed the more I see of these chiefs, the more inclined I am to appreciate their friendship, and I am gradually becoming domesticated amongst them.

29th. Sultan Mahomed visited me to-day, the object of his visit is to conciliate his brother Afzul Khan, who although with me is by no means satisfied with the arrangement we made at our last interview, settling the pay of all the brothers. Afzul thinks he ought to have got more than we have given him, urging as a reason that he came into us first, and was the main cause of bringing about peace. His argument is not a bad one, but he has so many brothers that it is difficult to satisfy all. After a good deal of argument and persuasive language, from Sultan Mahomed Khan, he was brought round.

My friend Major Rawlinson some time ago in a letter he wrote to me, suggested a trip into the Huzzareh mountains, which form the western boundary of my district, and the envoy in a letter I received from him to day, approves of my leaving my district for this purpose. I have in consequence had a long conversation with Sultan Mahomed on the subject, and he promises to change his place of residence from the mountains to the plains, and look after the affairs of the different small tribes located in the valley of the Turnuck on either side of the high road during my absence. He is well aware of the escape of Dost Mahomed from Bokhara, but assures me of the fidelity of his family and tribe, and really I have no reason whatever to doubt what he says; however it is evident that the Doorannees are again anxious for a change of government, but I am quite certain the Ghilzies will not join them, and I proceed amongst the Huzzarehs with a firm belief that during my absence the country will remain perfectly quiet.

The Huzzarehs occupy an extent of country very nearly as large as that possessed by all the Afghan tribes together. Since our arrival in this country very little (if any) of our attention has been devoted to them, and with the exception of one or two officers who have galloped through it on their journeys from Herat to Cabool, none of our countrymen have been in the Huzzarehjat; so that on the map this country appears a blank. I hope it will not appear long so, for I purpose making a rough survey of what portion of it I see as I go along, of course it will be necessary to observe great caution so as not to excite the too ready suspicion of the mountaineers.

30th. This day has been employed striking my camp, and putting all my heavy baggage in a house cleared out for the purpose, the door of which is built up to prevent the possibility of any one getting into it. One Hindostanee horseman is left in the fort in which the house is, to see that the door is not injured or broken in, by the children of the place.

1st of September. Accompanied by Afzul Khan, his brother Kauker Khan, and nephew Bahrom Khan, with about one hundred horse, commenced my march towards the Parapomason mountains. The first march should always be a short one; and a ride of four miles brought us to the fort of my friend

Wuloo Khan, who so narrowly escaped execution some months ago. He is considered one of the bravest men in this country. In one of the envoys' letters to my address, and which I received some days ago; writing about Wuloo he says: "I wish you could find a place for Wuloo Khan, who has been treated in such a manner as to shake his confidence, and I fear that of the other Afghans in our good faith; I need not say how anxiously I desire that this man could be induced to become a faithful ally." In accordance with his wish, I have conciliated this chief and made a personal friend of him; he is now enjoying a life of peace and happiness in his beautiful castle of Jubbar on the right bank of the Turnuck. Not wishing to annoy him with all my followers, and the chiefs with me, I pitched my camp a short distance from his castle. I had not been long on the ground when he came and begged the honour of my company to dinner; and insisted on feeding, during my stay, every khan in my camp with their horses and camels. I used all my powers of persuasion to endeavour to dissuade him from this display of hospitality which would oblige him to slaughter at least twenty sheep, and probably exhaust his winter supply of corn and straw, but it was altogether unsuccessful and ultimately obliged to take up my quarters in his fort in which I got a splendidly carpeted room, and every comfort an Afghan can give his guests. After our dinner cooked in the Afghan style, conversation on various subjects ensued, and I had a laugh with Wuloo, on his narrow escape. He of course in the usual Asiatic way, remarked that his day had not come when he was seized, but that during his subsequent confinement when on his way to Ghuznee, such was the harsh treatment he received from the Sepoys who guarded him, that he regretted that he had not been executed rather than suffer as he did. "But it is all over now," added the khan, "and my fate was at all events a better one than that of eighteen Ghilzies who were working in a field, when the army passed through this country with the Shah, and were seized by the Sepoys by mere mistake, and all executed." I asked the khan to relate the story, which he did as follows: "During the march of the Dushker army through this country with the Shah, the small tribes in the valley living immediately on the road, were continually employed in plundering the stragglers from the line, which lost no less than thirty camels daily. Frequent complaints were made to the chiefs in attendance on the Shah, who did all in their power to put a stop to the system, but the temptation which stragglers and stray camels threw in their way, was too great to be withstood, and of course the Shah was mad, and the different officers outrageous at losing their camels in what was considered a friendly country. One day, however, the advanced guard going along through a cultivated country, observed some peasants in a field close to the road, a party was immediately detached to ascertain who they were. On reaching the peasants, they were saluted in the usual Afghan way—'Goor yen,' (are you well) when the Hindostanees thinking they had said 'Choor hie,' (he is or we are thieves) and having no language in common to explain who they were, or endeavour to clear up the matter, they were immediately seized, and as thieves who had acknowledged their calling, marched off to camp. The feeling being at the time very strong against the plundering Ghilzies, no one dared to intercede for them, and they were consequently handed over to the Shah, who deeming it necessary to make an example and thus put a stop to the plundering which daily took place, ordered the unfortunate peasants to be executed, and executed they were. Filore (forthwith) the men were of my own tribe, and hardworking, honest men; but, concluded the khan, it was their 'Nusseeb' (destiny)." This story of the khan's interested me much, for although I did not place implicit confidence in its truth, still the probability of such being the case, brought to my recollection the Afghan system of retaliation, which is, that eighty years with them counts as one day in recovering blood for blood, for if a man be killed in a clan, no matter how or in what cause, if the affair is not settled in the usual way by the heads of the two clans, it is incumbent on the family of the deceased to note the circumstances, and at ever so distant a period, murder another member of the other clan of equal rank with the person they lost. And on such occasions it is no matter whether they destroy the murderer or an innocent man. The khan was now obliged to leave us, to distribute a quantity of corn and straw among the followers of the chiefs, a task I afterwards ascertained to be of no ordinary difficulty; it is customary, however, in this hospitable country, for one chief to feed not only a brother chief himself, but any number of followers he may bring with him. Indeed, I was not a little amused the other day when listening to the conversation of two very interesting Ghilzie maidens, they were discussing the relative merits and consequence of two chieftains. Among the good qualities related of one, it was stated that on Sultan Mahomed calling on him the night he left the Farringee, (meaning me) he slaughtered eighty of his best sheep, and gave both the khan and his whole retinue a sumptuous repast.

My letters to-day from Cabool are by no means satisfactory, they inform me of the near approach to the frontier of Dost Mahomed Khan, and in consequence a great degree of excitement exists in and about the capital. It is moreover feared that an insurrection will shortly break out, but if decision be shown by the Shah and our authorities his advisers, the first symptoms of rebellion may easily be crushed, and to effect this very desirable object, the best information will be necessary; for I can easily see that the great difficulty will be to know which of the chiefs are friendly, and which disposed to support the ex-Ameer, should it be his intention to invade this country with an Uzbek army, which it appears likely he will do.

2d. Unfortunately for my rest last night, Wuloo's family are afflicted with a complaint very common in this country at this season of the year, Chushumdura (sore eyes) and the disagreeable proximity in the next room to mine, of a screaming child labouring under this malady, most effectually prevented me from enjoying any repose; and the consequence was, that my khans had to wait for me this morning some time after the hour appointed last night for the march; a few laughable remarks, however, made by some of the chiefs at the expense of mine host, was the only result of this delay, and we mounted and proceeded on our journey.

The Ghilzies are in many respects very like the Irish peasantry, as I shall doubtless have frequent occasion to show in this journal; but in no particular is this similarity of character so strongly shown as in the idea both entertain of distance. An Irishman will inform the traveller, in answer to his inquiry as to the distance a certain house or place is from him, that it is only a musket shot off; and the Ghilzie, under precisely similar circumstances, would tell him that it is a midan-e-toop, or the distance a cannon shot will go; but to determine the exact distance meant by either the one or the other would indeed be a difficult matter. I have this morning been very much annoyed with my Ghilzies for not giving me a correct account of the distance of the day's march; for, according to their account, what I considered to be only twelve or fifteen miles, afterwards turned out to be no less than eighteen or twenty; and when I had ridden what I considered to be the march of thirteen miles, I would ask how far we had to go to reach the camp. The khan would say, "Oh, it is only a

midan-e-toop distant; we shall be there immediately." And the consequence is, that my unfortunate escort of infantry are completely fatigued, and the greatest number complain of sore feet. They are almost all Mahomedans; and I gave them a couple of sheep for their dinners to keep them in good humour.

My march to-day has been across the beautiful valley of the Turnuck, to the village of Shinkey, situated at the entrance into the mountains by the Resseenna pass. The village is a thriving little place, inhabited by the Turnuckee Ghilzies. A delicious stream of clear water running out of the pass, winds through it, and serves to irrigate all the country round about, which is very fertile. I directed my servants to-day to prepare a grand feast for all my party, to which the principal men of the village were invited. After dinner we had dancing, and every kind of merriment; for a good dinner has much the same effect on the Afghans that wine has upon us. The Attum Bazeer, or Afghan dance, too, is very exciting; and some of the dancers appeared quite convulsed. The step and arrangement of the dancers is precisely that of the Albanians, or the Romaine dance. It is not easy to describe this wild dance of the Afghan; but I must endeavour to give some idea of it. The dancers are formed into a circle, in the centre of which is placed a child. They then take hold of each other's hands, and in slow time all take two paces backward, increasing the area of the circle to the extent that their extended arms will allow. They then advance as near to the child in the centre as they can, when they bend the body down and give a most terrific grunt, and immediately extend themselves again as far as they can from the child. They repeat this step and grunt until they are excited to a certain degree, when some one of the dancers commences singing a war-song, to which a kind of independent dance is kept up, the dancers separating their hands, some of them jumping up in the air, and others going through most curious manoeuvres and quick steps, but all keeping most exact time with the singing, every now and again joining hands, and advancing to the child, and giving what struck me as being the most remarkable feature of the dance, the horrid grunt, which reminded me very strongly of the noise or sounds a wild hog makes when disturbed in the jungle. Again, what struck me as the next remarkable part of the scene was, the exact manner in which each dancer kept time to the singing, which was of the wildest description imaginable. I shall never forget this evening's amusement, which I enjoyed seated on a carpet on the bank of the stream. I was surrounded by the different khans, who every now and again when they saw any extraordinary feat performed by a dancer, would call out "shabash," (capital,) and thus encourage the dancers. I endeavoured to get a number of pretty girls who were looking on to dance for me, but without success. I was informed that their mode of dancing is by far more interesting than that I had just witnessed, for the horrid grunt is omitted, and the attitude and steps of the women are of course more graceful. As it grew dark, fires were lit, and the singularly wild appearance of the different groups assembled all about was rendered very striking and picturesque. In one part of the scene might be observed the servants, with lots of assistants, clearing away the remnant of the feast, and packing up the things belonging to the cooking department, and handing them over to the camel men. Some of these were arranging their pack-saddle, and cleaning their camels, whose long necks stretched out, were moving about, as it were, keeping time to the music as they chewed their cud. Near them were the saddled horses of the escort destined to accompany them on the march during the night, with the spears of their riders stuck in the ground beside them, their long matchlocks slung carelessly on the high pommel of the saddle. In another part of the scene might be observed a group of foot soldiers going through the manoeuvres of the war-dance with their swords drawn—every now and again passing each other, and twisting their naked swords most gracefully round their heads. And to make the scene as wild as any thing could possibly be, the background was formed by the lofty mountains of the Parapomson, rising some five or six thousand feet immediately above us. It was in fact a scene not easily forgotten.

A carrier, on his journey from Cabool to Candahar, came to me to-day, and requested an escort to protect him and some property belonging to the officers of the regiments in the latter city, in his charge, so long as he should be in my district. The khan was by, and laughed at the idea. He told the man that he needed not an escort—that there was no such thing to be found now in the country as a thief. "So long," remarked the khan, "as this gentleman is with us, and we his friends, you may pass through the country in safety, and we are answerable for any loss you may sustain." The man went away satisfied: indeed the merchants say that this country, in which they have always been in the habit of losing more or less of their goods, was never so quiet or easy of access as at present. I hope what they say is correct, and that nothing will occur to interfere with this desirable state of things.—(To be continued.)

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—THE LURE.

About the time when Mr. Derinzy sought counsel from Malone, there was a consultation of a far different description held in the apartments of Mr. Malachi Crook, gentleman attorney. This gentleman's lodgings were situated in the same part of the town with the tavern to which Mr. Malone retired with his client; and within them, not unfrequently, disclosures were made, and enterprises planned, which might well vindicate the right of the Cathedral Yard to its more sinister appellation. Mr. Crook was proprietor of a chamber in the tavern adjacent to his lodgings, which served as a vestibule to his own habitation, and through this, by a private door, clients, whose prudence or delicacy recoiled from rude contact with the ordinary train attendant at his levees, were admitted cautiously into his presence.

The parties who availed themselves of this secret entrance, at the moment we are about to speak of, were Garret Neville, Esq., and his servant, Pearson—who, in the days when he prescribed to himself the laws, moral and civil, by which his actions were governed, had found it convenient to form an alliance, defensive, at least, with the ingenious solicitor. Aware of all the facilities of the place, he entered the tavern, and proceeded along a narrow passage which led to a dimly-lighted staircase. Up this he ascended, until he reached a door, through which he introduced his master into an humbly furnished apartment—then, carefully closing the door, he himself proceeded into an inner room. After a few minutes, he reappeared, and conducted Mr. Neville through a room, rather dark, but sumptuously decorated—and, walking over a carpet, so thick and soft, that it returned no sound, they passed, stooping much, through a low, and it would appear, secret door, into Mr. Crook's private office—when, immediately, the door closed, and no appearance of egress from the apartment, on that side was visible in the dark oaken wainscot.

Mr. Crook was standing when they entered. His name was certainly not

derived from his appearance. He was an erect, well-proportioned man, of middle age, with no visible bend sinister in either form or feature. Without moving from the desk at which he stood, without even saluting his visitors—he pointed to chairs, upon one of which Neville mechanically seated himself—and, at a nod from him, his servant occupied the other.

Pearson, an old acquaintance and client, laid aside, as soon as he entered the office, all the disguises by which his outer man had been metamorphosed—but his master, whose confidence was not yet given to the Newgate practitioner, while affecting to unobtrude his visage and person, presented a firm and aspect so unlike his real appearance, as to satisfy him that he could feel quite at ease, should he meet Mr. Crook in the publicity of Stephen's-green, at the most fashionable hour in the day. The attorney glanced a shrewd look upon master and servant, and affected to be satisfied, as if he had met both alike face to face.

The conversational part of the consultation was conducted principally through the medium of Pearson speaking in his master's behalf, and speaking with such a thorough knowledge of the subject, that it was scarcely necessary for Mr. Neville to interpose, which, indeed, he never did, except when some error was to be corrected—then, with a hasty voice, and with the smallest possible outlay of words, he set matters properly in train, and left them between the parties who so thoroughly understood each other.

As long as the narrative flowed freely, Mr. Crook never offered a single interruption to it, either by word or look. His countenance, it might be said, was equally silent with his tongue—and when he spoke, at length, as if with design to adjust the story conveniently for remembrance and use, neither voice nor look betrayed the faintest emotion.

How wonderfully the moral being becomes neutralized by the force of habit. In Crook, there were two persons, one an abstraction of intelligence and acuteness—the other merely an animal life, conscious only in animal wants and indulgences and sufferings. When either had its turn, it reined without partnership or control. Neither appeared to be troubled by any remonstrances of conscience. To Mr. Crook there was no other law of morals than that which was discernible in the success or the failure of his enterprises.

"How many years since the death of the supposititious heir?"

Pearson understood his master's look, and replied in an interrogative tone,

"Of the heir, Mr. Neville?"

"Of course—but I see no use in keeping up a deception here. If you are satisfied, Mr. Neville, to leave this matter between Pearson and me, we shall be much more expeditious, and I think I may add, more satisfactory, in our proceedings. I shall refer to you, when Pearson's information is defective. How many years since the death of the supposititious heir?"

"About seventeen years."

"How long since the disappearance of the heir?"

"Nineteen years."

"How long since the death of the late Marmaduke Neville?"

"Between seventeen and eighteen."

"The heir, or the pretended heir, was found in less than a year after his supposed father's death?"

Pearson consulted his master, and replied,

"Within three or four months after."

"Was there any thing remarkable attending the recovery or the introduction to Mr. Neville's house of this child?"

"There were rejoicings and entertainments, at which the principal persons in the country were present."

"What witnesses have you that the child was recognized as heir?"

Pearson recited a number of names.

"And these persons will be witnesses of his interment?"

"All—and all producible—and persons of credit."

"Can they say more than that a certain child was presented to them as the heir of Garretstown—(that is the name, is it not?)—and that they attended his public funeral—can any of them certify, of their own knowledge, the identity of this young person?"

"It is impossible to say. Mr. Neville thought it better to consult you in the first instance, before inquiring into the particulars of what these gentlemen will be ready to bear witness."

"Have you examined this Brasil you spoke of with a view to ascertain what account he may have given of the affair to the adverse party?"

"We had no opportunity—Brasil has disappeared."

"You said that a doctor was to be sounded—have you reached him?"

"Yes, but not his secret. He is lock-jawed towards us. Not a word will he tell, whether he knows much or little—or if he has told much or little to Derinzy."

"Have you discovered any thing of importance, as to the plans and resources of the enemy—has this young claimant any powerful friends?"

"He has," replied Pearson, "friends of wealth, and consequence too. I have taken care to have a person here who has given some information respecting them. I thought you might find it well to examine him, and desired that he should be in attendance. He is now in Dublin."

"Is he town-bred?" said the attorney.

"No; this is his first visit to the capital—he was a kind of tutor to the children of Mr. Derinzy, the friend of this Carleton—and seems to have made good use of his time and opportunities."

"Let me see him to-morrow. To return to our business—is Brasil the witness most to be dreaded?"

Mr. Neville nodded, and rendered Pearson's audible reply superfluous.

The attorney was silent for a moment—then, with a countenance perfectly unmoved, and a calm low voice, he said, first looking at Pearson, and then turning a pair of large grey eyes upon his master—

"It is, as I understand the case, seventeen years since you employed Brasil to procure a child, a dying or sickly child, who was to personate the heir to the property now in your possession?"

Neville flushed and grew pale again—then rose from his chair, but resumed it, subdued by the composure of the attorney.

"Sit down, sir—sir—regard me as your physician—physician, not of your soul or body, but of what you value, perhaps, more than either—your reputation and property. There must be candour in this office—it is not, to be sure, a very sumptuous affair—but, perhaps, it is the truest palace of truth which exists. All our operations, to be of any value, must have truth for a basis, and we are met together now to lay the foundation stone. You have witnesses to prove that Brasil put the pretended heir upon them. So far, the fellow's testimony against us may be damaged—but still, such a story as his will tell terribly with a jury. The doctor's, too, will be formidable. Mr. Neville, this is no common case. It is not in the direct line of business. My charges—you must prepare yourself for them—will be heavy."

"My master will satisfy you," said Pearson.

"And this to commence with," continued Neville, handing to the attorney a purse heavily filled with gold.

Crook poised it for a moment in his hand, and his eyes, for the first time, twinkled, as they caught the yellow gleam of the metal through the purse.

"Pearson," said he, "is it not a very probable case, that Brasil has become deranged? Stay, let me see; one, two, three, four children dying, one after another, of fever—his wife following them. Many a man's brain has gone distracted for less. Have you inquired into the matter among his neighbours? The man has disappeared—strayed away. Advertise the matter. Offer a reward for tidings of him. My clerk shall draw up a form of advertisement. The adverse party have him now in custody. Eh—yes, yes. Is it practicable to retaliate—with them, until the day—with us, on the day—of trial? But, Pearson—where is the claimant?"

"Here, there is reason to believe—here, in Dublin."

"And, if all else fail—at least, while he remains here—he is in your power."

"No," cried Neville, for the first time in his natural voice—"not in his power, nor in mine, nor in any man's, to harm him. I would not have him hurt, to gain my cause by it."

"My master is obstinate on this point," said Pearson. It would be easy to settle the matter, only he has such scruples."

"Well, well," said the attorney, "every man's taste should be respected. You have the best right, sir, to choose. I do not dispute it—but suppose, now in the event of your witnesses not coming up to the point—suppose we fail in establishing a case of lunacy against Brasil *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*, is there any claimant between the property and you, except this young person?"

"No; not one."

"And suppose now—merely putting a case you know—you did once a good deal, and not of a very pious nature, to win your house and lands. Suppose you are on the point of losing both, and character too—perhaps more than character and estate—you understand—and, suppose there is only one little obstacle easily removed in this pleasant city of ours. I pledge you my word, there is not a night that somebody does not make an unexplained exit from society; you do not know how natural a sudden termination of life is among the incidents of our stirring metropolis. Footpads and press-gangs, and chair-men and watchmen, and then the gentry, the Mohawks, and Cherokees. Pearson can enlighten you."

But as he was, Neville was aroused into indignation. Before he expressed it, the attorney paused—changed his tone—

"Don't waste your anger," he said, "I like you all the better for feeling—let us return to business—only confide in me—and, in the first place, do not be over sensitive or apprehensive. I have no idea of contriving the plot of a tragedy for any client, or concerning myself in it. But, it is wise always to know the extent of one's resources, if we are driven by necessity to avail ourselves of them. You want to keep a claimant from becoming master of property which you have made yours—if it turns out that he has the law clearly on his side, and that we can defeat him by a little cleverness, what is to be done? Will you take the consequences, and let the law take its course, supposing the results to be, loss of all you have—are you sure that, in this case also, there will not be a tragedy—do you think you know the full extent to which you have committed yourself? Well, I understand even the shake of your head—there is danger. Now, the claimant—supposing that we could have him removed, and kept aloof for a time—for a time only—and without harm to his person. Ay, there, I see that moves you—I have no worse purpose, I assure you. The arrangements—"

Here Neville broke in upon him, and although not in a very resolute tone, repeated his former determination.

"I never can consent," said he, "to any act by which this young man is likely to suffer."

"Well, sir, your wishes shall be respected," said Mr. Crook. "I do not see the necessity of detaining you longer now. To-morrow, or after if you will call on me—or, what may, perhaps, be equally convenient, if you will send Pearson, I shall be prepared with an opinion on your case."

Before Pearson saw the attorney again, his master, urged by what he termed necessity, had yielded his assent to the adoption of measures, against which he had previously protested—and Pearson was empowered to assist in making such arrangements as should be found indispensably necessary, on condition always understood, that the young claimant of the estates should not suffer personal injury. Mr. Crook gave an undertaking that this condition should be respected. Among the various capacities in which he made his talents profitable, one was that of an adviser and an agent in the affairs of certain contrabandists, who traded in the exportation of live human stock, to recruit the armies of nations at war with Great Britain, and of such other commodities as could be advantageously obtained in Ireland; and, although the "wild geese" were generally forwarded from other ports, yet, as trading vessels sailed from Dublin, freighted with stores, which they delivered to cruisers off the coast, it happened, not unfrequently, that their commanders were charged with the custody and expatriation of the more strictly prohibited commodities.

An opportunity offered of sending off Carleton by a vessel of this description, and an order for his detention in a foreign country, as a person dangerous to the cause of the Pretender, was easily obtained from authorities residing in Dublin. All this Mr. Crook could have executed—and no more was necessary, than to ensure the safe deliverance of Carleton on board the trader then lying in the Liffey.

With the stratagem by which this feat was accomplished, the reader is already acquainted. It was suggested to the inventive genius of Mr. Crook's senior clerk, Antony Vowell, during an examination of Purcell, in which he was called in to his master's assistance. Mr. Vowell was a very dapper little person, attired in a suit of snuff-brown fustian, a colour which the quantity of the stimulant designed for his nostrils, but too much diverted to his garment, rendered especially convenient. This functionary, who sometimes attended at the theatre, and occasionally read a poem or a romance, concocted the letters by which Carleton had been betrayed. One of them, enclosing the little cross, (which he ordered Pearson to procure at a neighbouring shop,) contained a melancholy farewell from one, whose life the youth was supposed to have saved, at the risk of his own. She was leaving her home and country for a distant grave. Before her farewell could reach him, she would be far from all she loved, except his image. That precious image should never leave her heart, or her thoughts. It should go with her to an early tomb—and all she asked of him, to whom she gave her all—her heart and young affections—was, that he would give a sigh to her memory, and wear the little offering she enclosed for her sake.

This letter, written in a hand rather more elegant than the chirography of

the ladies of that day, was enclosed in one somewhat less delicate in form and feeling. It purported to be from the lady's maid—and ran thus:

"Honoured Sir—I humbly beg pardoning for the liberty I take in disobeying the best lady that ever poor servant had for a mistress—and hope no offence to you in the same. Its the cause of my writing to your honour is this; the doctors have ordered my jewel of a lady to be sent to a warm place, in the south of the world—and she is going to England, where her mother is waiting for her at this present. Mr. James is in the ship with me and my young lady—and she said to me this morning, 'dear Willis,' says she, 'go yourself,' says she, and put this letter (that's the other letter) into the post this evening"—and I heard her say, when she turned away, and thought I was off, 'he'll get it when my heart is breaking, far, far away from him, on the salt sea.' And knowing that it was of your honour my own darlint poor missus was thinking—for, many a time I heerd' her say, there was never in the whole world, a duke, or a king, to be compared to you—I took the letter, and, instead of putting it in the post I gave it to a friend of mine, a dacent young man, that's a sailor, to bring to your own hands. It would be a great comfort, I'm sure, to my lady—for she dotes down on you; and she is the beautifullest creature, as you know well, that's possible to be laid eyes upon; and a beautiful couple she'd make with one that was corresponding, which, its the truth, your honour is a motto for a Prince—and it would be a great comfort to see you once, before she goes—so, asking your honour to pardon my freedom, and never to tell how I disobeyed my lady's order—I write, by this present, to let you know, that the ship is to sail at twelve o'clock, this blessed and sorrowful night.—Your honours to command, &c. &c. &c."

Mr. Vowell seemed much to admire his performance, which he held at a distance from his eyes, and read over, first for his own gratification—and then, for the approval of his master.

Crook seemed dissatisfied.

"It won't do, Vowell," said he; "the trick is too clear, he'll see through it."

"No danger," said the author—"a youth of twenty has a fund of credulity, in such matters, not to be exhausted. I'll stake my reputation on the success of my lure." And, pausing to indulge in three consecutive appliances of rappee, he flourished his hand, and exclaimed in a theatrical tone—

"A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity!"

Antony Vowell could not inspire his master or Pearson with confidence like his own—and, accordingly, a double plot was arranged. One, that of Mr. Vowell—one, the invention of the retired highwayman. The former was successful—and the latter, which had for its object, to seize Carleton on his return from the solicitor-general's, was carried into effect, so far as to retard Mr. Derinze's progress. Purcell made one of the party appointed to execute the latter scheme, and had it in contemplation to avail himself of any opportunity afforded him, through the disorders of the night, for the purpose of avenging what he considered his own wrong. The accidental intervention of Buck Farrell, who, before leaving his country for France, paid a farewell visit to Dublin, disappointed him; and it was he who, in a rage, exasperated by the remembrance of a recent annoyance, hurled the missile which had so serious an effect upon the poor Buck and his fortunes.

THE NAVAL CHAPLAIN'S NOTE-BOOK.

* * * We had now left our Ionian possessions, and found ourselves on the coast of Syria, anchored off the town of Beyrout, the ancient Berytus; a town pregnant with interest, both on account of the events which have taken place within it connected with Scripture history, as well as for many other circumstances. It was here that Herod the Great tried his two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus, who were strangled at Abaste. Either on this or some similar occasion, his imperial protector, Augustus, uttered the bitter sarcasm, that he had rather be one of Herod's swine, than one of his sons. King Agrippa also, before whom St. Paul pleaded his cause, built here a splendid theatre; and in the distance, at the back of the town, are the Anti-Lebanon mountains with their "cedar groves." And what, moreover, invests the town of Beyrout with a singular interest in the estimation of all lovers of ancient chivalrous deeds, is the connexion it bears to the history of the patron saint of old England, St. George. Within a mile's distance of the town, along a pathway lined with mulberry and prickly-pear trees, is seen the spot on which, if tradition is to be credited on a point which is involved in some obscurity, the deadly conflict took place between our tutelary guardian and the formidable dragon. The scene of this memorable exploit is marked by the remains of an old square tower some ten or twelve feet high, from a cleft in which water has apparently issued, and left a kind of saponaceous crust, which is verily said to have served the doughty hero, after the fatigue of his exertions in the struggle against the monster of an enemy, for the same purpose to which he would undoubtedly have applied a square or two of the best old brown Windsor soap, had the engagement taken place subsequent to the discovery of this luxury in the process of ablution.

But the greatest singularity which this neighbourhood presents is undoubtedly the Lady Hester Stanhope, who has resided for the last eight or ten years, in the hilly region near Seydr, the ancient Sidon, at about a ten hours' journey from Beyrout. Even in her early years her ladyship was celebrated for her eccentricities, as well as for her superiority of intellect, and her admirable skill in horsemanship. And though she has since travelled far and wide, these traits in her character still retain their original force. The situation selected for her present residence, which was erected under her own immediate superintendence, is beautifully picturesque; nature and art here seem to have vied in giving each to each a double charm. It presents an appearance somewhat similar to that of a villa in the Isle of Wight; while its interior arrangements, on which no pains have been spared, combine the luxuries with which our imaginations are wont to invest an Eastern palace, and the comforts of a moderately sized English mansion. It is situated in the centre of a garden, or rather shrubbery, laid out with admirable taste, with here and there an alcove in it, under whose agreeable shade the guest may retire from the burning heat of the sun, and seated on an ottoman, enjoy the never-failing pleasure of coffee and a pipe, whose fragrant smoke comes to his mouth cooled by having had its long silk-covered tube of jasmine or cherry-wood, besprinkled with rose-water. Of late, however, her ladyship has been very shy of receiving European visitors, and it was only by a ruse that the trio of officers from the frigate, who paid their devours to her, succeeded in their object, in spite of a positive refusal on the part of her ladyship to admit them into her domain. For, a few hours only before their own departure from Beyrout, they despatched a messenger to Lady Hester, with an intimation that they proposed to them-

selves the honour of waiting on her; and then, without staying for the return of the courier, who was the bearer of a reply in the negative, and to whom they had given the most particular instructions as to the route he was to follow, they themselves set forth; and, by following a different track, wittingly missed the harbinger of such unwelcome news, and so took the eccentric dame by surprise. It is but justice, however, to add, that though her ladyship's privacy was thus disturbed, and her express desire thwarted, she took in no dudgeon this brazen effrontery, but made the unexpected intruders all the amende honorable for the fatigues they had undergone, by giving them a hearty welcome.

The report made by the trio on their return, of what they had seen, and what they had done, was a singular one. They found her ladyship sometimes dressed a la mamlouques at others a la Turque, at others, a la what you please; though the component parts of her attire were more generally those adopted by the male sex. She never dines at table with her guests, though she will join them after the repast, when pipes and coffee are introduced, and amuse them with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, many of which she tells with great glee, respecting Mr. Pitt, the chivalrous Sir Sidney Smith, and the fiddle-faddle am bassador, as she is pleased to call a certain ci-devant representative of Great Britain at a foreign court.

Her manner of conversing is energetic and hasty; she scarcely ever arrives at the conclusion of one tale without breaking into some other, having a very remote, or perhaps no connexion with the last one. She is held in vast repute by the natives dwelling around her, and, like another Zenobia, exercises no little power and authority over them, which she has shown herself fully able and willing to vindicate when convicted offenders have been brought under her notice. Her profession of a belief in a Supreme Being is marked with such inconsistency, and her ideas of every thing connected with Christianity, so derogatory to Scripture truths, that it is but charity to infer that, however lamentably her intellect on other points may be warped, when touching on this matter, she is perfectly bewildered.

The stud of her ladyship was now much less numerous than it once was, and she delighted to expatiate on the various excellences of its members, explaining them in such clear and technical terms, as to convince her guest that she possessed no mean skill in the arcana of horsemanship; and might possibly, were the truth known, have put to the blush, many a Newmarket trainer, if, indeed, these gentry have enough of what is universally termed conscience in their composition to be susceptible of such a feeling. Her ladyship's time is much more occupied than one would imagine it could be, in a place where it might be supposed difficult to find a series of agreeable employments. She is continually receiving despatches from the chieftains in the interior who yield such deference to her judgment, they are ever applying to her for advice, and to these flattering marks of inferred superiority, she never omits to forward a reply. She attends in person to the planting of every tree, shrub, and flower, which ornaments her domain; she cuts out paper patterns for the additional furniture which she intends to place in the apartments of her residence, and for the fresco devices with which she decorates their walls. Fortunately, in this respect, there are so many differently coloured earths found in her own immediate neighbourhood, that, with very little pains bestowed in the mixing them up together, she is enabled to produce such mellow tints, as to impart an additional charm to her designs, which are modelled from the copies she made during her sojourn in classic lands, and which the most fastidious Roman senator of the Augustan age could have found no fault with, had he seen them in his own luxurious villa, on the shores of Baia's Bay.

The only European retained in the household of Lady Hester, was Miss W—a lady whose tastes were so far from being altogether congenial with those of her companion, that she has long since loathed the "Eastern climes afar," and sighed for a return to "England's good green wood."

The chief of our party had been conducted to his sleeping-apartment by an Arab domestic; he had turned the key of his door, and was inhaling the delicious perfume which pervaded his chamber, arising from the plants which spread their foliage over the trellis-work of the window; he was inwardly congratulating himself on his unexpected good fortune at finding in this, as it were enchanted dormitory, every thing he could wish for, ready prepared for his use; when he suddenly fancied it must be the sound of a gentle tap at his room-door which struck his ear; yet, though everything else around him was wrapped in silence, he could hardly conceive, even if the sound were real, that it was intended to reach his hearing. How long he might have remained in this perplexity as matter of doubt; but a repetition of the same sound soon convinced him that it was something more than the effect of imagination. On the tipsoe of expectation, he therefore boldly, yet cautiously, opened the door, and discovered Miss W—standing in the entrance. She passed hurriedly onward into the apartment, closing the door gently after her; while the wick of the earthen lamp, which she carried, seemed by its feeble light to throw a deadly paleness and bewilderment over her countenance. She remained for a moment motionless; then bursting into a flood of tears, entreated the astounded officer not to attribute this, her strange visit, to any improper motives: "Though I am fearful," she added with a downcast look, as if she felt in its full force her critical position, "it will be no easy task to convince you of the innocence of this, my conduct, now that I have thus, with many a struggle, brought myself to break in upon your privacy. But if I may venture to beg of you to get this packet of letters conveyed to my friends in England, my obligations will be infinite. For, such is the unaccountable aversion Lady Hester has lately conceived against every thing connected with our native land, that she will not allow of my correspondence." It is needless to add that this request was immediately complied with, when, with a world of thanks, and looks beaming with delight, she withdrew from the chamber. Nor let censure here utter even so much as a muttering whisper; it was necessity which compelled the supplicant to seize on so rare an opportunity, and the heart of the most prudish dame must be harder than flint, which would harp at her conduct.

Time rolled on after the occurrence of these events on the coast of Syria, when, in order to refit the ship, which from a protracted absence from any place where naval stores were to be met with, stood more than usually in need of a refitment, we retraced our steps to Malta, where I looked forward to the enjoyment of a change of scene, and the pleasure of hearing how matters were going on in the civilized world. But before the anticipations could be realized an untoward event clouded the joy which such thoughts had naturally inspired. On our arrival, we found three or four ships in the harbour, and before our moorings had been taken up, the unusual signal for the chaplain of the frigate was made by the officer senior in command. In obedience to this unexpected summons, when I mounted his quarter-deck, he gave me to understand that the sentence of a court-martial had that morning been passed on a man and boy convicted of a crime of such a nature, that to particularize it more in detail would be an outrage on common decency; and, moreover, the circum-

stances of the case admitted no hope of the culprits being visited with anything less than a capital punishment. As therefore I was the only chaplain then present in the squadron, the painful duty of preparing them for eternity must devolve on myself. Though I was thunder-struck at this recital, yet I shrank not from the unpleasant task. Since the mercy of Heaven was to be entreated for, there was a satisfaction, melancholy indeed, yet heart-inspiring, in the reflection, that unworthy as I was, I was nevertheless selected to urge the wretched beings to sue for it!

Proceeding on this sad errand, I was conducted to the cockpit of the ship, where the two offenders lay in chains; the man in one corner of this gloomy chamber, the boy in the distant one, precluded from all communications with his partner in guilt by a stout screen of wood. The former was in look, misery personified. In person he was somewhat tall and athletic, and to judge from appearances some six and twenty years had passed over his head. His long raven-black hair hung over his shoulders, and his dark Italian eye, for Italy was the land of his birth, retained that penetrating glance which creates an indescribable interest when a smile is playing over it, but which, when pervaded by a frown, awakes alarm and suspicion. The boy, who was an Irish lad, lay in a state of stupor, from which it was difficult to arouse him. At this my first interview, I addressed them each separately, in such terms as I conceived most suitable to their condition; though from the state of my own feelings it was by no means easy to give free utterance to my words. But as the Italian announced himself a member of the Roman Catholic faith, a priest of the same persuasion was allowed to visit him from the shore, and minister what relief he could.

Everything that could be done for the unhappy boy was done for him. In the evening before the morn which was to be the last for them both, the marine sentry in charge of the Italian, as I was passing him on my way to the upper deck, requested that I would speak a few words to his prisoner, as he had expressed an earnest wish to see me.

The first words addressed to me by the criminal on this occasion, were to the following effect:—"Though we differ in religion, Sir," said he, "yet I would not have this an obstacle to my professing my obligation to you, and thanking you for your many inquiries after my welfare. I have done what little I could with my pastor, yet I cannot help consoling myself that your prayer in my behalf may be of avail, notwithstanding our creeds are at variance. My parents, Sir," continued he, "were the industrious tenants of a small farm in the district of the Tyrol, and endeavoured to bring me up in such a manner that I might in future follow the good example set me by themselves. But my wayward disposition led me to turn a deaf ear to all their warnings, and I secretly quitted the home of my childhood without giving them any tidings as to where I purposed to direct my wandering steps. From that sad moment up to this, they have been left in total ignorance of my fate."

Here he paused, though other words seemed to be faltering on his lips. His looks, which, during the narrative, had been comparatively calm and serene, now became wild and pale; he appeared as if struggling with some agonizing thought. At length, having recovered himself, he resumed the thread of his discourse.

"My present crime is bad enough, but another and a deeper stain of guilt clings to my troubled mind; I have, however, now so far subdued myself as to reveal it to you. After I had abandoned the house of my fathers, I became the owner of a gondola at Venice, and was engaged in the service of a young Venetian nobleman. Night after night I waited him in my black bark to the entrance-door of one of the dilapidated palaces which serve to denote the fallen grandeur of this once queen of cities. Night after night, as we returned together through the narrow canals, whose surfaces are entirely shrouded by the lofty buildings with which their waters are confined, he uttered not a word; a sigh, a deep-drawn sigh only would now and then escape him, to convince me that though his tongue was mute, his thoughts were busily and bitterly occupied. His motive for thus constantly resorting to the same spot scarcely excited my curiosity, till a chance circumstance disclosed the secret. It was the love of play, his absorbing passion, that over as the night returned led him hither; where were assembled all the most devoted gamblers of the city; and his ruinous losses were the cause of his silence and his heavy sighs. A short time after I had made this discovery, as he stepped on board one evening on his way home, I fancied his gait was more free than usual; and the gentle hum of a favorite air which reached my ears, as he sat reclined under the awning of the gondola, convinced me that the heart of my fellow-passenger was lighter than it had ever been since we first threaded together the windings of the dark canals.

"For several nights following the youthful nobleman evinced similar signs of joy; and, at length, even so far divested himself of his hitherto silent demeanour, as to acquaint me with the successful issue of the several last night's play, and the delight he felt at this change in the course of fortune's wheel. To judge from his deportment, the same results favoured him for a considerable period. One evening, after I had landed him at the vestibule of his usual haunt, according to my general wont, I stretched myself under the gondola's covering, expecting to repose myself quietly there till his slumbers should be broken by the well-known call of my employer. But sleep seemed banished from my eyelids, and all my endeavours to obtain it were utterly fruitless. While harassed with this restlessness of body, and turning myself first on this side, then on the other, some demon entered into my mind, suggesting the idea of providing myself with a stiletto, and thus possessing myself of the winnings of my master. At the first impulse I was appalled at the thought; but the same fiendish spirit which had originated the idea, by some inexplicable spell, soon won my consent. A stiletto was procured, and the next night, after his embarkation, though the youth, haply with some foreboding of approaching evil, exhibited less gaiety than usual, and what he had never hitherto done, urged me to hasten on my way, the dire deed was perpetrated! Under pretence of arranging some part of the boat, I approached him, and the next moment the point of the weapon was in his heart, his pockets rifled, and the lifeless corpse gently thrown in the water! Judge of my merited disappointment when I discovered the contents of his purse to be only a poor doubloon! His other booty he had secreted about his person, and it sank with the body, overlooked in the gloom of midnight and the fearful hurry of my search! Such was the paltry guerdon that rewarded the impious act of the murderer's hand!

"By dint of speed and a thorough knowledge of the intervening district, I escaped to Trieste, where an English merchant-ship, on the eve of departure for Malta, and greatly deficient in her complement, admitted me among her crew, on the faith of a certificate which I contrived to get forged in my favour. Thence, some two years since, I volunteered into the ship where you now see me overwhelmed with disgrace, and where at last justice has overtaken me."

Here the unhappy wretch again paused; but the hurried sobe, the heaving

of his breast, the tear starting from his eye in spite apparently of every effort to restrain it, and the quivering of his lip, betokened that he was desirous of adding yet a few words more to his tale of guilt.

"I know, Sir," he continued, after this heart-rending pause, "that the knowledge of my fate will bring a deadly sorrow to my aged parents; yet it would be a solace to me to think that they might by possibility become acquainted with my untimely end; and I am willing to persuade myself that if, by any remote chance, you should ever have it in your power to break to them the melancholy tidings, you will kindly bear in mind that such is my last request."

The next morning at an early hour the drum beat to quarters, the marines, armed, lined the deck, whips were attached to each main yard-arm, the culprits were brought up from below, the rope fastened round their necks, and in a few seconds their bodies were seen hanging, one at each extremity of the yard, and their souls had fled for ever!

It is a trite remark, that the realities of life often surpass in strangeness the wildest tales of romance. Some few years after these events, I chanced to be staying at Verona the greater part of a day, waiting the starting of the public vehicle which was to convey me to Inspruck. To while away the idleness of the delay, accident led me into one of the coffee-houses of this fair city. In the corner of its common room sat two persons engaged in conversation. The elder of the two, who was then speaking, was a noble specimen of what may be called, an Italian yeoman; and the earnest tone of sorrow in which he was addressing his companion, induced me to seat myself at the adjoining small table. But though the position I had taken up was close to the elbow of the speaker, so completely was he absorbed in his narrative, that he appeared to be totally unconscious of my presence. The topic of his discourse was of so singular a strain that I could not avoid suspecting the old man now before me must be the parent of the miscreant whose end I had witnessed; and the surprise which struck me when, on inquiry, such proved to be the fact, may be better imagined than any pen of mine could describe. When the mystery was at length fully revealed, the old man laid his grey head on his hands, and the writhings of his body but too plainly proved what were the harrowing workings of his mind. At length, rising hurriedly, he would fain have thanked me for the sad tale which I had considered it my duty, though in the execution of this duty I was pained to the quick, to impart to him; his lips quivered as he cast a look of gratitude on me, for as yet he had no power of utterance. Then recovering somewhat his self-command, he said in an under-tone, "I will go home now, and try to die in peace;" and after these words, adding, "Signore * * * * * Addio," he left the coffee-house, supported by the arm of his astonished companion.

GLIMPSSES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

(Continued.)

* * I heard a long, cold, shuddering sigh behind me; it was such a sigh—(reader, did you ever hear such?)—as the gentle and trusting heart, unmurmuring, though forsaken where it trusted, and forgotten where it loved, buquesathes to nature in its solitude, when it sinks through despondency, and down, down, to insanity. Such a sigh as they give who would give life for tears, but they will not flow. Such a sigh as loneliness echoes back when we recognise in every object only the remembrances of heart-breaking farewells; as of a mother who bids her son farewell for ever, knowing that she shall die long before his returning. Memory has such sighs; but only with love: you may hear such by the brink of the wood in the last day of October, when the air is calm and leaden, so that no sun appears in any side of heaven; and ever and again through the forest, as if life itself were dying, heaves out the sorrow of the time—each shrivelled leaf has a voice of woe, and there are millions sighing it in one.

I turned, and saw afar off, but with extreme distinctness, a curving bay in a green shore of the sea; around, at intervals, stood tall ash trees and sycamores, I saw the glistening of the limber ash-boughs and the brown sycamore against a green hill-side behind. There was the light of sunset in the latter days of spring over the scene: it was divinely clear, and calm, and pure, as if a gentle shower had just fallen, humming through the thirsty grass. I remembered it was so of old there, and felt the life of the freshness of nature, stirring in me afar off from the quivering leaves. The ash leaves were yet in the bud, and the fringed sycamore was unfolding its plumes, which glittered in the serene light. From a spring, which lay like a jewel in the living greenness of the sward, overhung by an old thorn, a little brook ran on in links of silver to the shore, and overspread the white wave-worn pebbles where it flushed into the sea. Just where it passed from the sward to the beach, it overran the twisted roots of an old ash, at whose clumped and daisy-covered foot there sat, leaning against the trunk,

In rain! Too real: too tangible and visible to the very substance of my soul: too much a portion of the life within me. The eye cannot see itself; no more can my heart forge words to utter what remains within it. For every page I have burned in trying to unfold the reality of that vision I have set an asterisk, and this pen that was wont to be true to its master refuses it for ever. But I see her: night and day: and I see her thus:—

Picking up pebbles from around her feet, and casting them dreamily into the still sea, where the lustre of sunset floods over its unrippling bosom: one has just plunged, and it is as if a hidden spring were loosed—a fountain of ineffable light bursting up from the water, widening in circles of glory, round, and round, and round, thrilling, trembling, ebbing down at last into the utter calm.

Another!—O, Sun and Wave: O, Earth and Heaven!

Another!—O, Heart and Brain: O, Love and Life! Hark: in the soft spring wind I heard a voice from the leaves—"Many waters cannot quench Love."

* * * * * Walking by the brim of the stream, plucking the dewy violets: they will wither, but there is eternal spring in Memory, and there they will be blooming with me for ever. She kisses them "with the kisses of her mouth," and the lips of the violet are pure—and evermore I kiss that little dower of the spring.

* * * * * O, cold and blank again, even nature feels that lonely shuddering sigh. Whence comes it? The earth is all beauty and rejoicing, and she never uttered such a sigh! For a moment it saddened the glory of the sunset on the sea.

* * * * * for where I stood there grew a bunch of violets at my feet, and far, far off as hopeless holy dreams was she. But I stooped down and pressed my face among their bloom, and ever as she kissed those visionary bells, a thrill passed among my lips, for the genius of the enchanted hour inspired them with life from their kindred, and the evening air as it trembled through them, mingled like her breath with mine in the faint odour

of the flowers, and sighed with her, deep down into my heart. She cast them from her hand on the stream, and the violets withered round my lips with a sad farewell. I gathered them into my bosom, and long after the fleeting phantasm was gone I found them there.

She uncovered her head, and her hair not long, was dark and wavy; her face was not fair, nor sad, nor gentle, nor like those called beautiful, but the spirit in it was alive with thoughts like my own. Her eyes were visibly lighted, and wandered over the broad sea, where she had advanced to the very brim, and in its calm her image lay, with a very gentle motion, as of a bird about to float off on its wings. O float over, silent as the hour, and be near me with thy thought! Her stature was short, her dress simple and homely. Her lips were closed, and seemed swelling with the burden of constrained and lonely thoughts. The glow of the unearthly scenes I had been beholding was not around her. Nothing but the fresh green earth, with its clear air, its little flowers and streams, and the sunset sea: the godlike features I had been gazing on were not like hers, human and warm with a life like mine; but to those fields, and to her, my heart turned warmly, and I wept to stand beside her there, to grasp her hand, and gaze with love into her eyes.

"Arise!" said a voice;—and far down from the hill, on the brink of the sea that spread between, I saw a little boat, from which a figure beckoned me, but I could not move. It was veiled from head to foot, and at last rose and approached me.

"My name is Hope," it said, in a voice like the May wind in the apple blossoms.

"And wherefore to me?" I asked sadly.

"Be the answer," it said, "in thy own heart," and pointed over the flood to the little quick-eyed one beyond.

"Ever in vain Thou comest to the heart," said I; "and bitterly in vain to me—for I have sworn a most unholy oath."

"Leave the oath to its wickedness," it said, "and come with me."

"Let me die," I replied,—"let me die in peace, with thee beside me, for I cannot go."

And in an instant I saw the angel fled, far over the waves, with her gilded sail, and her veil thrown by, like the shadow of the moonbeams—holy, and radiant, and brighter eyed than the daughters of heaven—as she fled. For, ever, Hope departing looks back with the aspect of Cherubim and Seraphim from the barred gate of Paradise, as Adam beheld their glory unapproachable, behind him when he looked his long farewell.

And there were sounds in my ears like the voices of little brothers and sisters long ago among our household murmur; not distinct, not traceable, but it was in my mind full of the infant freshness: the first bee of summer calls up such a hum in the heart, the budding bough, the meadow-grass waving in the early winds, the bubbling of clear springs, the odour of the simplest flower as we kiss it fresh from the hands we love. And these words came rhyming earnestly and sweetly in my ears:—

To drink, upon the way of Life, the blessed anodyne,
IMAGINATION'S holy fountain, ever boon, is thine;
Like the balm-poppy to the sick, drink deep and find repose,
Who only sips with fearful lips, adds nightmare to his woes.

In melody, for ever and aye, its wasteless ripples swim,
The tree of Life blooms, rustling rife with wisdom, o'er its brim:
Dark down below its roots must go that noble fruit to bear,—
The top is bright, but Folly bubbles and Fancy troubles there.

There sits a phantom evermore around the holy well,
Fires, far too keen for Earth or Heaven, within her eyelids dwell:
Beneath her cloudy mantle limbs of dream like beauty swell:—
Within its folds beware, beware, the burning breath of Hell.

She lifts the bubbles as they rise, and holds her brimming urn
To every pilgrim's thirsty lips that to the fountain turn;
With gilded fruit she strews the sod beneath the living Tree
That never grow upon its boughs:—her name is PHANTASY.

The lip that tastes her urn shall taste the holy spring no more,
With shapeless hope and aimless love for ever clouded o'er;
Who tastes that fruit shall never taste the tree of life again,
But, hungering, he shall dig the mist, and eat the wind, in vain.

O, art thou he whose infancy first heard this fountain sing,
The beatings of whose boyhood's heart were tuned beside the spring,
Who in his lonely-hearted youth found there his love alone
In murmurs chanted out from heaven—and chanted so his own.

I call thee with that old love-voice in other scenes to tread
Upon whose boughs no golden fruit o'er the dreamer's head,
Whose harvests brave to autumn's wave beneath the faithful sun,
But care must weep, and toil must reap before its wealth be won.

With no dim dreaming fancy strains I call thee to awake,
A song, like mine, the eternal worlds around their centre make,
In winter, like the sleeper's heart, I murmur at the root,
Counselling the miracles of spring, the blossoms and the fruit.

Who looks above alone, alone will see the lonely sky,
Down in the fountain's calm revealed both heaven and earth there lie,
Out from the living spring I sing, and far along the ways
Of the green world my voice renews the blossoms-bearing sprays.

Through grassy greens, the inspiring streams run on with life below,
The primrose and the daisy couch to kiss them as they go,
No jewels bud along the sward, but all the noon-day through
The lonely glens and greenwood shades are gleaming with the dew.

Upon the hills no purple glows, but red heath bells are blooming,
Down in their dells, among the bells, you hear the brown bees booming;
The streams that in their bosoms go are but the water-springs
And, like the lark that purrs above, their angel murmur sings.

O, pleasant are the river-glens, where blackberry and sloe
Down from the folding mountain sides among the heather grow,
And pleasant is the river side, where birch and hazel weep
Their kissing dew into the lips of daisies where they sleep.

O, holy are the mountain-tops, beloved of the sky,
To morn and evening sacred still, with hope and memory,
Listening the sleepless ocean-voice that calls the distant river,
As though some fate-imprisoned god bemoaned his love for ever.

Dear is the living green of spring, the meadow-scented air,
Where humming showers down from the sky their love-deep message bear,
Till every green bough lifts its head and, sighing as it hears,
Like one that cannot speak for love, finds utterance in tears.

Nature is true to God, and love sustains her endless years—
Were men as true, the gladdened world would soon forget her tears;
But truth has long been sold for gold, and love for vanity,
If nature were as false, the sun would rot within the sky.

Hast thou not ever in thy heart the sea-wave and the bay,
Wherein it sighed up to the beach whereon thy childhood lay,
In far off rocks, the fateful sound that filled thy dreaming ear,
Dost thou not hear it yet, in dreams, and waking, weep to hear.

Upon a world so fair some truth and love are lingering still,
And truth and love in human hearts have Eden in their will:
Arise and walk, O soul benumbed, of Phantasy beware,
Beware those dreamy gleaming eyes—that phantom wreathing hair.

Drink deep and fear not;—he who drinks shall hear the primal voice
And feel within the living love that makes the years rejoice;
The grass blades sigh, the stream mourns by, the ocean chaunts along,
Ever beats on the human heart, and love is still the song.

The earth still bears her children dear, the Seasons, to the sun,
The embracing circle of her love time never has undone:
Through spring tide tears and summer smiles he greets her from on high,
And, swelling from her gladdened breast, the laughing flowers reply.

Invisibly, around thy heart, I lingered long ago.

I loved thee first, alone, beside the enchanted brook to go;
Its secret songs of paradise I taught thy soul to know,
With ear bent down, and sky-calm eye, a-listening to its flow.

Why hast thou slept so long—arise, the idle vision break,
The voice that sings beside thee, calls a giant to awake:
O mighty sinew, organ-heart, break up the dream of death,
The phantom's urn is nigh thy lip, and o'er thee floats her breath.

I call thee, as I called thee once, with voice unchanging still;
O sluggard manhood, shake thy strength, the world is in thy will:
Deep in the freshening fountain drink, and scare the bootless dream,
The barren land of PHANTASY is all that golden gleam.

Here noble thoughts, like noble deeds, the noble toil shall win,
Though empty folly still shall flee the generous wealth within,
And vanity shall bow the knee where idiotcy has gold,
The homage of the noble heart is not so lightly sold.

'Tis vain to seek in human eyes the brightness of the star,
But glorious is the light of thought, and love divine far;
The star alike to every age and every eye shall be,
But holy is the light of eyes that brighten but for thee.

Him, ever, shall the substance flee who seeks the form alone,
Beauty still stands without a soul, charmed in the Grecian stone,
But the immortal chisel there could never carve a sigh,
To breathe its spring into the heart like living bosoms by.

'Tis true, the tongue falls short of love; but even in heaven above,
Thrilling beneath the angel wings, the silence utters love;
The burden of a shallow heart by babbling lips is spoken,
Where many a noble heart to speak the unspeakable has broken.

In vain the tongue would utter love; 'tis silent as the spring
That wakes the leafless bough to bloom, the frozen brook to sing;
Like blossoms stirring on the bough, the trembling lips declare,
Like thawing brooks, the troubled voice will tell when love is there.

Believe, the earth with hope and love alone to man was given,
Believe, with hope and faith and love, the earnest soul makes heaven,
Believe that from the human heart, and on this human ground,
Must swell the seeds, and in the sky the harvest will be found.

O, earnest heart and subtle brain, beware the demon grin,
Consult the pulses in thy heart, the strength in every limb;
A palsy threatens every limb, a dew of death thy brain—
Where unavailing, unprevailing, genius is in vain.

O, Flesh and Blood; O, Heart and Brain; O, Eye and Ear and Hand,
The gates of God's great universe for ever ye command,
Arise and walk, thou crippled soul, where wide the portals lie,
Behold the rugged mountain paths that lead up to the sky.

The invocation passed into my breast like the voices from the breezy sea,
fresh with the reality of life. Hope still stood before me winged on the sunset waves, and long-forgotten energies awoke to what was worthy of their waking. Down there must my footsteps go, for there my life and being called me. Rushing downward I saw a brighter gleam on the sea and the broad waters narrowed as I came. There stood the little human girl by the stream, and ever more akin to mine, seemed the light within her eyes. The banks closed in to a river, to a stream, and I stood near her.

The scene was changed, and I stood in a meadow; a little country church was near with its spire and inclosing trees. She dropped a flower from her hand, it was an auricula, purple as we see them in the early May. I stooped to lift it, and she was gone. The flower I kissed bloomed sweetly, but not so sweetly as in my memory the lips of her who gave it. The words I would have uttered forsook my lips—oh, stumbling tongue, where was thy utterance—I saw her form receding and my heart followed. "Dearer than thou knowest or can dream," I said to the empty air.

A loud discordant note broke on my ear, and turning round I recognized again the fiend. Behind him brightened the enchanted scene I had beheld before, unlike the green and glad some world, but full of shapes my eyes had thought divine.

"Come," he cried, "the game is but begun, the hour awaits thee."

"Away," I uttered, "I will never follow thee."

"You have sworn," he said, "look before you."

An unspeakable glory shone over the cloudy portal, where PERDITION stood beckoning me with gestures not to be evaded.

"Remember your oath," shouted the demon, and with an irresistible compulsion I bounded on, but ever looked behind. I stood upon the very verge, and the light of stars in an eclipse shone in the eyes of her who waved on me beyond. A deep gulph divided us, and, with a groan, I leaped to cross it. The

beauty vanished from her form the golden bloom withered into sordid decay on the soil around her; she grasped me to a hag-like bosom, and with an earthquake sound in her embrace, we fell sheer into the depths below, while loud and long time rung into my ears, for ever falling;

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

I fell: unfathomably fell. I felt the talisman stir within my bosom, and, for a moment, saw the maddening beauty once again; but the form glided into the serpent, and it swelled to volumes that infolded me with a hideous love, and hissed its venomous kisses on my lips, each with a bitterer horror than death. "My love," it said, "we are one now and for ever, eternity cannot part us." And wings of flame came forth upon it, and faster downward we hurried, downward like lightning, or the falling star that plunges into midnight.

Its wings were poised; and as we floated slowly by, I heard the exiled Saturn grumbling out his wrongs, as he stumbled among the ruins of forgotten worlds. For there was no more air for wing to strike, and slowly to the end of all motion we glided on, and on, silent, like a passing century. Light was behind us million of ages in outworn time, and ashier blocks of darkness lay thickly round, fallen from the mountains of old Night that bore them.

The voices spoke and answered each other, like gusts on the polar sea, where the wave that rises before them freezes ere its sound can make an echo in the solitude.

First Voice . . . What gates are those, so black and grim?
What sounds so dismal, deep, and dim?

Second Voice . . . The gates of the eternal Hell:—
Within, the smothering heart-quake's swell!

First Voice . . . Those yawning archways, wreathed with thunder,
Where rest their dark foundations under?

Second Voice . . . Darker than death their pillars lie:—
They sink into Eternity!

First Voice . . . Open the gates, O King Despair!
Two weary pilgrims in would fare.

Second Voice . . . Speak, that their passport may be sure.

First Voice . . . Perdition and her paramour!

Third Voice . . . Open the gates—and welcome in!

All . . . Welcome to sorrow and to sin!

The bolted thunder unfolded round the lofty porches, the gates swung back with a sound like the last sigh of hope from a broken heart; and closed behind us like the first moaning of despair. An immeasurable horizon met my eyes; a gloom hung over all, calm, dead—save when, at fits, a sobbing, as of fruitless aspirations, mourned across the stillness. There were trees, but their buds drooped as they unfolded—plants whereon ever sprung the germs of glorious blooms, but they fell shrivelling before they blew; and the sad sighing airs swept their ruins to and fro. There were rivers that did not flow, curing their stagnant reaches round rocks and banks that glistened with slime of serpents, whose eyes leered amongst them as they twined. I saw a great sea, whose waves stood still, and sails were spread on it, clinging to the masts, against which the mariners leaned, gazing for ever with sunken eyes into the solemn, hopeless sky. Far before their prows there lay a shore whereon a sunlight shone, revealing fields as green as earth, and the glimmering of brooks ran through them. Some had gone nigh, by no wind, for there was none, but a groaning whirlpool near the shore that sucked them on, and devoured them; I saw them cast up in ruins, yet alive, and weltering among the wrecks of the festering shore, where snakes coiled among their limbs and nestled, gorging corruptions, in their bosoms.

"Come to our rest," said my dragon companion. "Behold our paradise—we shall be one for ever."

In her infernal folds, firm as the embrace of fate, she bore me to the sluggish shore. We plunged into the flood, and slowly forwards we moved through that clammy deep. My eyes rested on the sunny spot far before us, and there again, standing with my life in hers, was she whom I saw in the vision of departed life. O that I might reach that shore! O, that amidst the eternal desolation I might even stand still to gaze upon her, though for ever distant as despair. Hell would be heaven with thee before me, dear image, whose faintest smile, whose lightest sigh I would not give to leave these infamies, if they were mine. But nearer as I drew, and clearer as her form grew on my eyes, still nearer, clearer, gathered in my ear a low, unending groan, the stifling pant of agonies, the inarticulate voice of hell uttering her hymn of ruin. It was the whirlpool sounding on before us, where, round and round, I saw the voyagers go, who came like me, and hope was blotted from their stony eyes as they sank dumb and palsied down. Swiftly I sped within the fatal circle, and, at every lessening turn, I saw her with the fresh hue of the living, grassy world, I never more should tread, upon her cheek; and in her eyes the light I thought so kindred with my heart. Still round and round—nearer and nearer the abyss—and there she stands. Oh, that dull un pitying roar—the vortex closes—dear one—ah, for ever farewell!

Humming, humming, flashing, wailing, glimmering lurid fire, whirling, sinking, pouring, lamenting; thundering, leaping, crashing, groaning, down, down for ever.

"Accursed serpent," I groaned, "we must kill each other, or one shall die; for even in Tartarus I must be free."

Again the mockery of beauty lighted in her eyes, and her lips approached me: "Beloved," she said, "Hell is shallow, but come with me where my home is deeper than hell."

"By the depth then," said I, in fury, "we shall go with stricter embraces; for hate is faithful as love; and deadlier than death and hell I hate thee."

She clung like despair, but mine was equal, and I clasped her throat till the fire spun from her eyes mingling with the falls of Phlegethon that howled around us. I dug into her snaky entrails with my limbs, and her false vigour faded in my crushing clasp like a leaf in October, when the frost clips the tree. Slack and dumb, she fell from my arms, and I spurned her carcass with my feet away into the rolling thunder floods below.

"Down!" I shouted hoarsely after, "down! to thy native den, and dally with the fiends—for me, I will abide while I can cling to fire or thunder." I grasped a cliff that hung overhead, wreathed with flowers of blue flame, brightening in the spray of fire that rolled in blazing cataracts from its glowing brink. An earthquake split it, and hurled me far and wide amid glooms, on which I trod as on the solid earth; onward and on I strode in hope and hate, and clenched my teeth, and clenched my hands, and cried out, "ruin, but liberty." A thousand adders coiled my feet, and I spurned them as dust from my way. "Liberty! liberty!" I shouted forth into the resounding gloom, as I roved on like a lost angel, and at last saw a huge building before me—it stood

on one side of a cross way, thronged with forms that passed and re-passed. Opposite stood another of grander proportions, and a figure as of one mounted on a great pale horse was to one side.

"Liberty!" said I, amid the multitude.

"Here, your honour!" cried a voice: and a lost one on a ruined chariot, drove to my side.

"Is that death?" said I, pointing to the motionless rider on the pale gigantic steed.

"He's as dead as Henry the Eighth, sir, devil a doubt of it," answered the tattered one before me, and he smacked his melancholy thong, and his steed, in its faded harness, shook its withers for memory.

Suddenly I was seized by the thronging fiends, and placed within the chariot, and he who sat on it, drove on, and staid not.

"Who is he on the pale horse," said I, "and whither do we go?"

"Blood an' ouns," answered the charioteer, "sure its King William, and we're going to the Meath as hard as we can crack."

As I lay motionless I saw three men approach, who laid their hands on my head, spanning it from ear to ear, and from the neck to the eyebrows. One was a person of sharp and handsome features—the second was an older man of a shrewd and benevolent aspect—the third, who stood behind, I could not see.

"Curious case," said the first, smacking his lips, "what do you say about it, Colles?"

The person so addressed answered not, but elevating his eyebrows, turned to the third, and merely said with a peculiar smile:—

"Eh, Cusack! what is it?"

"Graves," said the third, "say first."

All this while I could not speak a word, though I tried ever so.

"I think," said he, smacking his lips again, "it is one of those peculiar cases, not exactly described in books, in which the brain participates in the obscure sympathies between the sensory and ganglionic systems, as you may observe from the partially upturned eyes, the obscured sensations, the absent speech, and so forth. Besides the surface is cold and

are you of that opinion, Colles?"

"Why," said the person addressed, thrusting both hands deep into his breeches' pockets, "I think I never saw so big a head on any man before—eh, Cusack?"

"I think," said he, "it resembles *fungus hematodes* very much."

At this moment two others entered the ward.

"Good morning, Sir Philip."

"Stokes, how are you?"

One of the gentlemen whipped his hand under my occiput with a vigorous flourish, and, with the word "carcinomatous," proposed its immediate amputation. The others with a hopeless nod seemed to agree.

"But how the deuce," said the old man, "will you manage the after treatment?"

"Why," said he, "you and Mr. Cusack can easily secure the carotids and vertebrals; any small vessels I can command with my fingers while you do so; and as for the veins, you know when the head's off the supply will be stopped."

With these words I was placed with my head over the bed. One gentleman rammed his thumb hard and fast behind my collar-bone on one side, while his colleague did the same on the opposite, murmuring something about "subclavians."

"But what about a knife," said one; "no scalpel will ever get through all this."

"I know a knife," said he whom they called Sir Philip, "at an iron-monger's door down in Pill-lane that was just made for it;" and off he scampered.

During his absence he who had entered with him began tapping my head all round, and occasionally uttering the word "clear," and then "decidedly tympanitic." Finally, he produced a wooden tube from his skirt pocket, one end of which he put to my crown, and his own ear to the other. After he had listened awhile, he said—

"Hum, no doubt at all. Try it, Graves."

The gentleman repeated the process, and said—

"By dad it's sure enough; but here comes Sir Philip."

He entered, bearing a carving-knife, or what was in the similitude of such, about the size of a trooper's broadsword and a half. This he flourished through the air with the semblance of many a "cut" which fencing-master never knew and said—

"Now here goes. I think the first incision should be just above the thyroid cartilage. Hold hard on the subclavians. Now then."

"I beg your pardon, Sir Philip," said one of the tapsters who had been drumming on my pate. "Since you left the room Stokes has convinced us; and you may satisfy yourself in a moment that it is merely a tympanic swelling, as we may say, a pneumo-cocca-not; and under these circumstances this operation of course will be precluded."

"Have you a small trochar, Cusack?" inquired this listening prophet of the winds.

Some shining spike was put in his hand.

"I presume," said he, "at all events this exploration, in the first instances can do no harm. Shall I pierce the fontanelle?"

"Take care of the longitudinal sinus, however," said another.

"Better a trephine, perhaps," said another, "over the parietal bone."

"Pooh! you can easily pierce with the trochar here, over the squamous portion of the temporal."

Accordingly I felt a sharp pain; and the operator withdrawing a part of his instrument, left a tube behind, through which issued a whistling sound with great violence. The gentlemen rubbed their hands, and seemed in ecstasy.

At this moment a crowd of youngsters entered, and clustered round the bed.

"What is it?"

"Stand about, man; your head's too thick to see through."

"What's the row?"

"Amputation of the cranium."

"Bother, if yours was off a body might see ever your shoulders."

"It would save many a smash in Jude's any way."

"Curse it, man, take off your heels. That soft thing was my foot."

"And that other soft thing is your head."

* The medical reader may consult for the details of this case the 200th volume of the "Dublin Medical and Surgical Journal," where it is reported at great length. This peculiar affection of the sensorium is now admitted to be very general, and the cause of many anomalous symptoms, such as repeal of the Union, &c. &c. A remarkable case was lately under treatment, but unsuccessfully, as the patient by some mistake was put in the wrong ward.

"Gentlemen," said the first speaker, "we have not time just now to enter into this remarkable case; but to-morrow it will form the subject of our clinical lecture; and it is more than probable, from the patient's collapsing appearance, that before that time I shall be able to lay before you the appearances *post mortem*."

So saying, he departed with his colleagues. In the meantime a gentle humming reigned in my brain. I saw great things becoming small, and portentous forms and fears softened down to cheerful hopes and memories. I saw a glimmering of faint daylight; bustling feet went about me; and I opened my eyes on moving trees and falling waters, and a sky of the holy blue of summer.

"Ha, ha, ha!" were the first human sounds I heard. Tón Dubh was smoking like a volcano at my side; Glenstachey sat astride an ash-branch hanging over the river; and Coul Goppagh was lying on the rocks over the fall, with a pensive eye gazing down on the foam and the flashing waters in the sun.

"Which of the devils are you?" said I to Tón Dubh.

"I am," said he "but a poor devil, with more smoke than fire."

"And what world is this?"

"Third from the sun," said he. "When did you hail it?"

"Just now."

"From what port?"

"From Erebus."

"Whither bound?"

"To Dingle-ty-cooch, I believe," I said; "but I'm not sure. But tell me true—am I a living man, and where am I?"

"Why," said he, "you are, as far as I know, in Glenariv. You drank a flask too much only, and are now lying half sober under Eas-na Cruibe."

"Come up here," said Coul Goppagh, "and I'll tell you a story."

FRASER'S DARK FALCON.

This Persian fiction of Mr. Fraser is perhaps the completest fulfilment that can be conceived of an *historical romance*; where the history and historical persons of a given period are so intermixed with the events and characters of the fiction that it is difficult to tell which predominates. This is accomplished in *The Dark Falcon* by selecting a period of history full of remarkable persons and strikingly strange events; so that the truth itself is stranger than fiction, at least to European experience.

The scene of *The Dark Falcon* is laid in the central and North-eastern parts of Persia and the adjacent regions of Toorkistan, or more intelligibly Tartary; the period is during the latter part of the last century, when the country was convulsed by the rival claims of the Zend and Kajar families to the throne; the fortunes of the Kajar Aga Mahomed being finally triumphant, after destroying by open war or politic murder all competitors and most opponents, including his own brothers. The point of time in Mr. Fraser's work is when the star of Mahomed was gaining the ascendant, and the anarchy in his own more immediate territory somewhat subdued; though his Zend opponent was still able to make head against him, whilst many restless or disaffected chiefs were ready to revolt at any fair opportunity. In one sense, no doubt, Mahomed is the chief figure of the whole; but the direct historical interest is in the character, career, and murder of Jaaffer Koolee Khan; the gallant chief being a principal actor in all the scenes in which his brother's fortunes are concerned.

The most conspicuous persons of *The Dark Falcon*, if not the true hero, is unquestionably Mahomed; and as the work is to be considered as much a history as a romance, we will introduce that personage to the reader.

THE MONARCH AND HIS VIZIER.

"In an apartment of small dimensions, and plainly though comfortably furnished according to the fashion of the country, and beside a blazing fire of wood, sat a personage who at first sight might have been taken for a youth, so slight was his figure and such parts of his limbs as were visible, and so small his beardless countenance. But a more attentive glance would have satisfied the beholder, that the high expanding forehead, corrugated by lines of deep thought, and the brows strongly knit over eyes contracted by habitual suspicion, yet bright and restless, glancing at every object, but seldom remaining fixed on any, belonged to a riper age. The general cast of the countenance was grave and anxious, though at times lit up with a gleam of fiercer expression. The mould of the features was noble, and the nose in particular, though somewhat too long, was straight and well shaped; but doubts might have been entertained as to the sex of the being to whom these attributes pertained, for the thin upper lip was destitute of mustachios, nor was a symptom of beard to be discovered on the hollow cheeks or long oval chin, from under which the skin hung in wrinkles over the shrivelled neck. Yet would the beholder have paused in pronouncing the person to be a female; for there was a tone of resolute decision upon the pale brow, an air of mental strength and firmness in the outline of the lower jaw, and a capacity in the skull, seldom to be found save in the male sex. Nor were these delusive tokens; for he whom we have thus attempted to present to our readers was no other than the celebrated Aga Mahomed Khan, then not quite forty-four years of age, and unquestionably the ablest as he was the most remarkable man of his age and country, at this time ruler only of the Northern provinces, but afterwards undisputed Sovereign of the Persian empire.

"He was habited in a loose chogha, or cloak of brown cloth, lined with fur, rather the worse for wear, which enveloped him from shoulder to foot, concealing all his habiliments, save when the thrusting forth of an arm displayed an equally shabby sleeve and vest of dark-coloured cotton stuff. His head was covered with a cap of black velvet embroidered with gold, a good deal tarnished. Before him, on a thick felt carpet on which he sat, was placed his cullumdaun, or writing-case, with a roll of paper and several written notes; beside it, on a square piece of padded silk, lay an old fashioned watch in a shagreen case; and beyond these, ready for use, was placed his gold-mounted scimitar, its curved blade encircling and guarding as it were the other and yet more powerful implements; an arrangement which, though probably fortuitous, afforded an apt type of the chief's own mind, relying as it did rather on policy and foresight than force—on the head and the pen rather than the hand and sword, and regarding the latter but as subsidiary to the former—a means of resort only when these had failed, but then, indeed, to be used with unsparing severity.

"The only other person in the apartment was a man of middle size, and rather slender frame, whose features were expressive at once of grave sagacity and deep respect. This was Meerza Sheffeah, at that time the principal and confidential minister of state. He wore a fur-lined robe, greatly superior in appearance and value to that which enveloped his master, and, even at this early hour, the shawl-wound cap and red stockings used by the nobles of Persia when in attendance on their sovereign; for, so jealous in matters of respect was the Khan, and so tenacious of ceremony, that, though careless often

to slovenliness of his own appearance, he suffered no one to approach his presence without due attention to all observances."

We will next exhibit him in action. Whilst besieging Shiraz, the Zend chief, his competitor for the empire, has suddenly marched to its relief with the whole of his forces, reinforced by some new allies; and though the Monarch had received information of the plan, and Osman, the Dark Falcon, had discovered their approach, the King was not aware of their strength.

"Imperfect as his information was, it had put him so far in his enemy's secret as to save himself the ruin of a surprise; yet for the magnitude of the attacking force he was not prepared; and it required all his powers of mind and indomitable resolution to compensate for the consequences of the unfortunate ignorance. He speedily saw, that not only had he to sustain the attack of a large and regular army instead of a mere detachment—to fight a general action instead of merely detaching a party to skirmish or repel a common attack; and that he had to do with well-trained troops, such as would try the metal of even his own hardy veterans. But his courage was equal to the emergency; and it would have delighted a cool observer of human character to watch the kindling eye of the Kajar chief, and the workings of his powerful mind, as, like a veteran and experienced champion, he nerved himself for the struggle. His mean, almost insignificant figure seemed to swell into importance as he cast his eye over the conflicting tides of men, with the proud consciousness that his was the master spirit which was able to direct the storm himself had put in motion.

"The rapidly increasing light had not only made it clear to the Shah that it was the whole force of the Zend he had now to cope, but showed him the formidable materials of which it was composed; and as he saw body after body of well-mounted cavalry dashing forward to outflank his own forces, he could not but own that they were as gallantly led as they were ably manœuvred; and his charges to each officer of his own troops, as he led his men to oppose the attack, or support a body of hard-pressed combatants, became more and more earnest and impressive. To some his orders were given aloud in the rapid and eager tones of command, while to others they were conveyed in whispered tones and with studied secrecy. The extension of the conflict in front, which waxed hotter and more violent as the morning advanced, so fully occupied the faculties of every one in that quarter, even of the Shah himself, that attention was almost wholly withdrawn from the rear and the rest of the camp, until shouts and uproar on the extreme left gave signal that something had occurred there; and more than one breathless messenger came running to announce that a party having made their way round under cover of the twilight, were now attacking the almost defenceless rear.

"A flush of rage darkened the Shah's countenance as he learned this disaster. 'What has become of Allaverdee Khan?' said he; 'is he not at his post?'

"'He is there, and he fights,' replied the messenger; 'but he requires assistance, for they appear to be mustering for a sally in the city, and his men are few.'

"'Abbas Koolee Beg,' said the Shah, 'take two hundred of these gholams and support Allaverdee Khan. Tell him not to appear in our presence till he has repulsed the enemy, and can bring us a hundred heads—on his own he it. Let three horsemen take different ways to the camp of Allée Koolee Khan; desire him to bring what force he can spare from the defence of his own position to cut off those who come from the city. Well, Batchah, what news?' demanded he of Osman, who at that moment had come up all bloody, to tell that there was fighting also on the right.

"'Hah! then Jaaffer Koolee has his share too. Ride, boy, ride; tell him he must beat them at once. It is but a false attack to keep him from the main work here. Tell him to leave a thousand men to guard the camp, to scatter these fellows with the rest of his force, and come hither with all speed; he will judge for himself what to do, when he arrives and sees how things are—away!'

"Osman had not been gone many minutes, when a matchlock ball, many of which were now whistling by, and occasionally wounding or prostrating one of the royal attendants, struck some part of the King's riding gear, and marked the bright side of his charger with a bloody line. His Majesty, scarce noticing the circumstance, kept his eyes intently fixed upon the contending throng which was swaying hither and thither at various points, under the impulse of any chance advantage, as a field of growing corn may be seen to wave when agitated by a brisk breeze. But the vizier and officers nearest the royal person getting alarmed, began to represent the danger of such exposure, and to entreat that the 'Centre of the Universe' would retire to a safer position. Unheeding their importunities, his Majesty continued directing his eagle gaze with fixed interest towards one point of the conflict, where the agitation of the combatants was evidently increasing; and even through the gathering dust their opening ranks might be seen to give way before a small band of horsemen, led by one upon a dark charger, as the small birds flee before the hawk.

"At length his Majesty exclaimed impatiently, 'Art thou fool or traitor, Meerza? is it a time to speak of the Shah quitting his post, when yon plume is exalting itself so high upon the field, and the hoofs of that devil are treading out the souls of my soldiers? Are we to hide our face while that black cloud still overshadows the plain? Ah, Mustapha! oh for one good charge of thine! Ali Jaaffer Koolee, Jaaffer Koolee! would to God thou wert there! soon would that falcon flee before the stoop of the eagle! And as he said this, he turned his head towards the right, and gazed wistfully on the cloud of dust and smoke that had enveloped all the plain in that direction, as if his eye could have pierced it; but all was hopelessly obscure, and he again looked with increasing anxiety upon the scene before him. It was now too clear that his troops, pressed home by the animated charge of the gallant Lootf Allee, were giving ground; to support them was absolutely necessary; and his Majesty, with his habitual coolness, was issuing the order that would have almost utterly denuded his person of its guards, when a loud shout arose from the dense cloud on the right; and in a few moments the Zendees in that quarter might be seen giving way and scattering before a dark body of horsemen who seemed bursting from the wreath of smoke and dust.

"The King cut short his words—for one moment his head was turned with breathless eagerness towards the right; in the next his eye flashed, and waving his sword on high with uncontrollable emotion, he exclaimed, 'By the soul of my father, Jaaffer Koolee! yah-ullah! have at them, men, have at them!' Carried on by the enthusiasm of the moment, he struck his heels into his horse's sides, and bounded forward a pace or two; but the undue impulse was momentary; recollection returned, and the Shah was again the same calm, imperturbable, self-possessed being as before."

The true hero of the book is, the Monarch's brother, Jaaffer Koolee; for his

gallant bearing and humane spirit fix the attention of the reader; and his death overtakes him as if it were a work of destiny, or, to do justice to the author, it naturally exhibits the Mahometan's belief in predestination. The scenes attending it, too, are all drawn with great force and knowledge of human nature,—especially the midnight interview between the Monarch and his Minister, when the former first avows his purpose; and the arts by which Mahomed cajoles his brother into his power, in despite of the warnings and entreaties of his friends. We can only find room for the closing scene, when Jaaffer has been entrapped and siezed under the pretence of inspecting a new palace.

"The hours of Jaaffer Koolce was indeed numbered. His last sands were in the glass. The sun had set—the voices of the muezziins calling the faithful to prayer had ceased—the shrill clangour of the Nokara khaneh announced that the time for relieving the guards had arrived. The heart of the prisoner throbbed from time to time as those familiar sounds smote his ear for the last time; and again he thought of the days when, light and free as others, he too had mingled in those busy scenes—scenes which for him were now to cease for ever. They would continue as before, and the sun would rise and set, and rise again to others, while to him—his heart heaved at the thought, but he quelled the rising emotion, and smiled as in scorn of his own weakness.

"At that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of approaching footsteps. The darkness which had for some time reigned in his prison was invaded by a gleam of red light, which flashed through a crevice in the door. It opened, and the prisoner, though dazzled by the glare of a flaming torch, could discern four men entering the apartment. Half-blinded as he was, one glance sufficed; for well did he know the Furoshha-e-ghuzub, the ministers of wrath, clad in the sombre garb of their office; and well, too, did he know their errand.

"Ye are come!" said the Khan, as, ranging themselves before him, they regarded him in ominous silence. "The Shah has sent ye; say, what are his Majesty's commands? Speak, is it blindness or death? Fear not to tell, for I fear not to suffer."

"But the men, awed or confounded by the unwanted boldness of their victim, still kept silence.

"Speak!" said the Khan authoritatively: "declare my fate. What is the Shah's order?"

"Behold the Shah's firman!" replied the Nassackchee in charge; and, pointing to the fatal cord in the Furosh's hand, he added, "His commands are death!"

"Alhumdulillah!" exclaimed the Khan. "Praise be to God! My brother—my brother! even yet you are kind! Better, far better, death than blindness. Better that Jaaffer Koolce should die as he has lived, and bless thee, than exist but to suffer, like the wretched Mustapha! Bismillah! Men, we are ready. There is but one God, and Mahomed is his prophet!"

"With these words he stretched forth his bare neck to his murderers. The deadly cord immediately encircled it; and another minute, almost before the mind could force itself to form the thought, there remained of the gallant and noble Jaaffer Koolce but a strangled lifeless corpse.

When Baba Khan, after hearing, not witnessing his uncle's seizure, returned to the Shah, and, with much emotion, apprized him of the event, a sudden gleam of joy lighted up his features with a fiendish smile, and then all was cold and calm again; nor did the uncle and nephew meet again until the hour of their evening repast. It was served in the very apartment where the last interview between the King and his hapless brother had so lately been held, and at the very hour when both knew that the murder was to take place. Yet never had Aga Mahomed been apparently more composed or free from uncomfortable feelings. He was even less thoughtful and morose than was his wont; and ate with an excellent appetite of a particular dish, which he declared to be remarkably well dressed. Not so the young Baba Khan. He regarded his terrible uncle with more than usual awe; and as he himself has since declared, every morsel he tried to swallow stuck in his throat, for the thought of what was at that very moment going on turned him deadly sick.

"Scarcely could he utter a word in reply to the few remarks addressed to him by the Shah who, when their meal was ended, bade him rise and follow him. The young man obeyed trembling, as his uncle led the way into the garden; where, stretched at length in the moonlight, the eyes wide open and starting from their sockets, yet with the smile of resignation still lingering on its lips, lay the body of his victim.

"The King gazed long upon the ghastly countenance; then planting his foot upon the chest of his dead brother, he exclaimed, with a long-drawn breath, At Jaaffer Koolce! thou art now at rest—and so am I!"

"He paused for a while; then turning to his nephew, who, sick and trembling, stood behind, he burst into a passionate flood of tears, and upbraided him as the cause of his destroying the brother whom he best loved. 'It is for thee, wretched boy!—for thy sake, that I have done this accursed deed!—for thee I have been guilty of the basest ingratitude, and deeply sinned against God and against man! Had that gallant spirit remained on earth, thou never couldst have reigned in Persia. But,' continued he in a lower tone, 'our oath must be kept,—if not with the living, at least with the dead. Let the body be forthwith conveyed beyond the city: let it be delivered to his own people; but let it not remain even a night within the walls!' Having uttered these words, telling his beads, and muttering the customary Alhumdulillahs and Subhanallahs, he returned slowly to his own apartments."

TOO LATE.

"The children of the earth," says Miss Bremer, in one of her admirable novels, "struggle against the sharp sword of suffering for many, many years—they live—they suffer—they struggle. The sword is broken, and they fall powerlessly down—success reaches to them the goblet—they touch their lips to the purple edge, and die." Every thoughtful and experienced reader may, on reflection, remember some friend, or friend's friends, to whom these remarks are applicable, for society is full of such instances; and even amidst the long record of those illustrious names that the world will not willingly let die, there are but too many to whom "the fair guerdon" they looked to as the reward of their "laborious days" came indeed, but came too late: the eye was dim, the ear was closed, the hand was cold, the heart still—all so worn and weary in the long pursuit, that fruition came too late, and could not bless.

Three hundred years have not been able to diminish the fame of Torquato Tasso—

"He with the glory round his furrowed brow,

That emanated then, and dazzles now!"

and yet the story of his life is an almost unvaried record of sorrow and suffering, of baffled hopes, of vain endeavour, of unmerited wrong. He was the son of

Bernardo Tasso, a poet whose fame has been totally eclipsed by the superiority of his son; and gave indications, even from infancy, of the possession of an almost divine genius, which education and intimate companionship with the most celebrated men in Italy so developed and improved, that it was soon predicted of him that he would be the greatest poet of his age. When he was about twenty years of age, he was invited by Cardinal D'Este to reside with him at the court of his brother, Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, then the most brilliant in Italy, and adorned by the beauty of that Leonora who was destined to exert so powerful an influence over the future fortunes of the bard. For a time all went well with Tasso; his worst evil was poverty; and this, in the flush of youth and health, he could easily encounter. He was rich in glorious visions of future renown, and he lived in the presence of the fairest ladies of the land, whose smiles were the guerdon of his muse. Soon, however, the uncommon favour bestowed upon the bard excited the envy of the courtiers, while his widely-spreading fame awakened the jealousy of inferior poets; and their attacks upon his reputation excited the anger of Tasso, who had the proverbial irritability of the poetic temperament. His frequent complaints at length wearied the duke, who treated them with a haughty contempt the sensitive poet could ill submit to. He several times attempted to throw himself on the protection of other princes; but as the duke, on the plea of its careful preservation, retained possession of his 'Jerusalem Delivered,' he still returned to the court of Ferrara—the ladies Lucretia and Leonora as often interceding for him with their offended brother. It is not precisely known how the duke became aware of Tasso's passion for the lady Leonora; but the knowledge certainly tended to confirm him in the belief that the poet was insane. He, a mere man of the world, occupied with his own importance, his naturally narrow mind unimproved by education, could not enter into the poet's anxieties regarding his poem and his fame; still less could he pardon the presumption he was guilty of in falling in love with a lady of royal birth, though her beauty, her talents, and her virtues, might well have warmed a heart far less susceptible than that of Tasso. From the friend and patron, he became the persecutor of the poet; he caused him to be confined in the hospital of St. Anne, in the part appropriated to the reception of lunatics; and here, for several years, the unhappy Tasso found himself imprisoned in a dungeon, whose walls re-echoed to the groans and frantic cries of the lunatics in the adjoining cells. He who had lived in every luxury, and in constant companionship with the most beautiful women and the most talented men of the age—who delighted in the beauty of nature, and had a keen relish for all that was exquisite in art—whose mind was capable of the loftiest conceptions, and whose heart was alive to the purest affection—was 'cabin'd' in a cell which scarcely allowed him to stand upright. His person and dress were neglected—his food was scanty and coarse—and he had no society save his keeper and his own sad thoughts. It is no wonder, under the circumstances, that he peopled this frightful solitude with spirits, both good and bad: it is rather a matter of surprise that a mind so sensitive as his should still have retained its powers—that his heart should neither have broken in the strife, nor been hardened against all mankind.

At length, at the repeated solicitations of many powerful princes, among whom were the pope and the Duke of Mantua, Tasso was liberated, and he immediately repaired to Mantua. But his health was impaired and his mind unsettled by his long confinement and privations: he wandered from Mantua to Rome, to Florence, and to Naples; then to Mantua again, staying a short time at each, until his restless and unhappy spirit urged him again to seek, in change of scene, that calm repose which exists only in the mind. During several years, while leading this desultory life, he was engaged in a lawsuit for the recovery of some property that he had inherited from his mother; so that

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

fell heavily on the poor bard, who derived a precarious maintenance from the princes whose courts he honoured with his presence. Though poor, he still retained his taste for splendour and luxury, and thought only of dwelling in the palaces of princes. Though perplexed by worldly cares, he never forgot that he was a poet striving for immortality; a lover whose passion, though trampled on as presumption, and despised as madness, was to transcend to successive ages the knowledge of Leonora D'Este—a name which now, despite her remarkable beauty, her talents, her virtues, and her rank, would but for him have gone down to oblivion.

As a last asylum, on the complete failure of his health, which was undermined by the restless spirit, as the scabbard is worn by the sword, he repaired to the monastery of St. Onofrio at Rome, which, being in an elevated and retired situation, was equally favourable to the restoration of his health and the composure of his mind. Tasso, at the court of Alphonso, in the pride of youth, manliness, and talent, full of those lofty hopes which genius alone can inspire, and giving himself up to the passionate love of a beauty he could never hope to possess, even though his love was returned—Tasso, in his dungeon at St. Anne's separated from human society, yet holding converse with imaginary forms of angelic loveliness, or striving with equally imaginary demons, yet with an intellect that shone out above all the darkness that overshadowed it, even as a rainbow whose very splendour exists between the glory and the cloud—Tasso, in both these phases, has not so strong a claim upon our love, our admiration, and our pity, as Tasso in the last days of his eventful life, when he gave himself up entirely to the performance of the sacred duties of that religion which had been to him through life his protection, and was now his solace and reward. The monastery was so near to Rome, that the breeze of evening brought to the ears of the musing bard the hum of the thickly-peopled city; and he to whom all the changes of humanity were so painfully familiar, might well picture to himself the rush, the turmoil, and the strife, which though softened by the distance through which he heard them, had their origin in the life-and-death struggle ever carried on by the human passions keeping their restless vigil in its streets. Yet these conflicting crowds—the oppressor and the oppressed—had one feeling in common, and that was reverence for the bard who had taken refuge among them. With all the eagerness of their national character, which enters earnestly into whatever subject addresses the mind through the medium of the senses, they prepared to attend his much-talked-of coronation in the Capitol, where the pope was to confer upon him the laurel of Dante and Petrarch—an honour that was to atone for all the wrongs he had suffered, all the neglect he had endured in the years gone by. Already, all that Rome had of noble, lovely, learned, or wealthy, was summoned to attend at, and swell the triumph of Tasso on the 25th of April 1595, when Pope Clement was to invest him with that glorious wreath, the emblem of immortality, purchased—oh, how often!—with a life time of suffering. The eve was come: to-morrow, said the people, there will be a holiday—to-morrow, said the literati, there will be a triumph—to-morrow, said the gay beauty and the proud noble, there will be an

assembly where I may display myself—to-morrow, said the pope, I shall crown the greatest poet of the age with the laureate wreath, and my name shall go down to posterity with his—to-morrow, said the bard, as he lay pale and fever-wasted on his narrow couch, listening to the last notes of the vesper service chanted by the monks of St Onophrio—to-morrow I shall be alike indifferent to honour or neglect. Already the hand of death is on my heart. Slighted and oppressed through years of suffering, the fame that might have solaced and prolonged my life is now of no avail. I am about to enter into another and a brighter world. The crown they offer me is but a faint type of the one that awaits me there. And so it was: they who came to summon him to his coronation, found him in the sleep of death—they were too late.

He was interred, on the day of his intended coronation, in the church of the monastery with great pomp; his laurel-crown being laid upon his coffin, and cardinals and princes bearing up his pall. In his person, Tasso was majestic; his manners were courtly and refined; his learning was extensive; his natural talents almost unequalled; his morals, for that age, were very pure, and he was always fearful of becoming profane or irreligious. It is perhaps too much to expect that minds like his should display, in conjunction with their finest attributes, the useful prudence that makes common men successful; yet, were it but possible, how much would they gain by the union! Tasso would have escaped most of his troubles by paying more attention to the every-day affairs of life; but would he then have written for all time? Nay, did not those very troubles, while they made him turn more eagerly to his beloved poetry for consolation, teach him lessons of virtue too true and too profound to have been inculcated amidst the splendid idleness of a dissolute court? Sweet are the uses of adversity to noble natures like that of Tasso; it not only corrects, but elevates them; for, as one of his biographers beautifully observes, 'The very darkness that conceals from us the beauty of the earth, displays, to our upward gaze, the glory of the heavens.'

There are few things more mysterious and capricious than the way in which genius manifests itself. In fact, there is no calculating upon its advent; for it is sometimes hereditary in families, while elsewhere it appears unexpectedly, like a rare plant that unaccountably springs up, among the simple flowers of the field, from some wind-borne seed. Where it is hereditary, the clever father is often surpassed by the extraordinary son, as in the case of the two Tasso's and the two Mozarts; for though the elder Mozart was a good musician, it is through his son's fame that he is now remembered. Seldom, indeed, have talents so precocious as those of Wolfgang Mozart ripened into such perfection as his maturer years displayed; in him 'the child was father to the man.' From his sixth to his twelfth year, his father carried him in succession to the most splendid courts of Europe; and everywhere his extraordinary talents surmounted all the formal barriers behind which rank, riches, and worldly prejudice intrench themselves against adventurers! Kings and princes were interested and amused; queens and princesses were delighted; musical professors and dilettanti were surprised, puzzled, and, in spite of their prejudices, pleased. At Vienna, the most cold and stately of European courts, the infant genius was called upon to exhibit his talents before that haughty and celebrated empress, Maria Theresa, and her sons, Joseph and Leopold, who were successively Emperors of Austria. Here also were her daughters the archduchesses, and among them pre-eminent in beauty, was Maria Antoniette, afterwards the too celebrated queen of France. Unabashed by the rank, undazzled by the beauty of his audience, the boy-musician gave himself up to the inspiration of his art, and became absorbed and entranced by what enchanted his auditors—a listening circle, fit subject for the pencil of some master who had power to seize upon and transfer to his canvass the motable expressions of each face. The majesty of rank, of beauty, and of genius, had never finer representatives than in the persons of Maria Theresa, Maria Antoniette, and Mozart, whose petite figure, pale face, and large luminous eyes, sufficiently indicated his sensitive temperament. When the musician had concluded, he passed before the circle to receive the compliments and gifts they were prepared to confer upon him. The floor was smooth and polished, and the boy slipped; his court-sword caught between his legs, and he would have fallen, had not Maria Antoniette, with the quick impulse of genuine kindness, sprung from her seat, and caught him by the arm. Mozart regained his footing, and placed himself at arm's length from the archduchess, whose pure and brilliant complexion was heightened both by the suddenness of her action and the impulse that had prompted it. 'You are very beautiful,' said the boy, looking into her kind, bright eyes; 'and when I am a man I will marry you.' 'The brow of the empress-mother darkened, and the smile that the boy's simplicity called forth on the faces of those present passed rapidly away.

In early manhood Mozart repaired to Paris, as to a field where he might display his talents, and win his way to fortune and to fame. The archduchess who had been so kind to him at Vienna, was now the wife of Louis XVI.; she was queen of France, loveliest where all were lovely, gayest where all were gay. For her amusement talents were a constant requisition; for her gratification riches were scattered without restraint. Her smile conferred happiness, her frown brought disgrace; her caprice was the fashion, her will was law; apparently she was the most favoured of the daughters of the earth. Meanwhile Mozart, who had thought to sun himself in her smile, met with nothing but difficulties; his character was essentially that of genius—grave, tender earnest; he could not conform to the heartless frivolities of the Parisian character, and his music was not popular. Indifference, neglect, contempt, and poverty, were the portion of the young composer in the very place where he had indulged so bright a day-dream of distinction, and he resolved on returning to his native land. Even there he was not at first successful; his long residence in Italy had influenced his style—he was as much too gay and ornate for the grave Germans, as he had been too pure and grave for the gay Parisians. He was disappointed; and as his occupation led him into the society of actors, artists, authors, composers, and their admirers, he was fast tending to dissipation.

The misplaced love of Tasso was the cause of much of his suffering; a wiser affection preserved Mozart from corrupting influences to which his public life exposed him. He became attached to Constance Weber, an actress, who had youth, beauty, and talent, and the far richer and more enduring charms of a temper that was sweet and firm, and a prudence and modesty seldom found in one of her profession. Her friends opposed their union, on the ground of Mozart's poverty and want of station in society—objections the young musician truly resolved on removing. Fortunately for him, the Elector of Bavaria, at this critical moment, desired him to compose an opera for the theatre at Munich. He seized the opportunity, and wrought with all the enthusiastic energy of his nature, for his heart was in the work. It was his celebrated opera of *Idomeneus*, and Constance Weber was to play the principal character; her idea was thus, as it were, ever before him; and the whole of the music is said to be characterized by such grace, tenderness, and beauty, as only a man of genius

in love, and trembling between hope and fear, could have produced. When first represented, it was received with unbounded applause, and its success so far established his reputation, and brightened his prospects, that Constance became his wife. From this time he devoted himself to his profession with steady and increasing industry; but the envy and opposition so generally attendant on superior genius fell to his lot: the profits derived from his works were uncertain, and his whole income was insufficient to maintain his family. Though settled at Vienna, and enjoying the favour of the emperor, he was obliged to toil daily for the bread of his little household; while the cabals of rival composers formed a source of misery to his too sensitive mind. He became, like Tasso, the victim of nervous apprehensions, and might probably have manifested decided symptoms of insanity, but for the soothing tenderness of his wife. She not only managed their affairs with the utmost prudence, but she exerted all her powers to cheer and support the mind of Mozart. She read to him the night through, unconscious of fatigue; she entered into his hopes; she reasoned away his unfounded fears; she had

The laws of wifehood character'd in gold
Upon the unbleached tablet of her heart—
A love still burning upwards to give light
To read those laws—an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silvery flow
Of subtle paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey—

and thus, through their gloomy and fitful fortunes, she was ever to him as a star of hope, brightest when all else was dark. Among his latest works was his *Zauberflöte*, or *Magic Flute*, which became widely popular from the first moment of its appearance; yet from this opera he did not derive the smallest profit: he had just completed the score of it, when a theatrical manager, reduced to extreme distress by a succession of misfortunes, came to implore his assistance: the generous but improvident composer immediately gave him the score of the opera, which subsequently, by its success, relieved all his difficulties. Yet at this score, so freely given to one in distress, he had worked, for a considerable period, for sixteen and eighteen hours a day; and if we consider the exhausting nature of his employment, and the corroding anxieties of a pecuniary nature which still beset him, we cannot wonder that he was becoming prematurely old, and a prey to the most painful nervous disorders. Conscious of his failing powers yet unwilling to admit that he was the self-devoted martyr to his art, he fancied that his enemies had found means to administer to him the famous aqua Toffano, and that he was perishing by slow degrees, through that subtle poison. This idea was strengthened by the appearance of a stranger, who came to order the celebrated Requiem, and, despite the reasonings of his wife and the raillery of his friends, he gave himself up to the belief that it was for his own funeral the Requiem was ordered, and that the stranger had calculated the day of his decease. It was liberally paid for, and the daily wants of his family rendered the money acceptable; but Constance would gladly have dissuaded him from the application necessary to its completion in the given time: still, though he grew more feeble every day, he continued to compose with unremitting zeal, as if fearful that life would barely last till his work was done. In the meantime, the emperor, having heard of his illness and his anxieties, appointed him chapel-master of St Stephens, a situation which at once secured him an easy competence, and freed him from the rivalry of his jealous competitors. The friend who hastened to communicate to Mozart the good fortune that had at last arrived, found him in bed, busy on the score of the Requiem: at the announcement of his new appointment a faint smile passed over his pale face; but when he looked on his beloved wife, so soon to be a desolate widow, surrounded by helpless orphans, the smile passed from his face as a wintry sunbeam leaves the snow-covered landscape, and he replied, 'It is too late!'

In a few days the magnificent Requiem, whose composition had, as it were, wrung the very life-drops from the heart of Mozart, was performed in the unconscious presence of the now mute composer: often since has it been heard at the funerals of the mighty and the celebrated throughout the cities of civilized Europe; and thousands, as if penetrated by one impulse, have bowed their heads to weep, overcome by the solemn grandeur of its harmony. His works are daily becoming more appreciated, and more widely-spread, and form an imperishable monument to his memory. Had he lived to enjoy the competence that awaited him, he might have produced yet nobler works; but he perished in the very meridian of life, his genius not exhausted, but crushed by the heavy hand of necessity. Like too many of the gifted ones of the earth, his fellow-men did not know how divine a spirit animated his clay till he parted from among them, and the knowledge came too late.

THE COURT AND THE COURT CIRCULAR.

AN ANECDOTE OF "OLD TOWNSEND."

Who that has ever sauntered along Pall Mall, and the stable-yard, St. James's Palace, or through the Mall in the park of that ilk any fine sunshiny morning during the fashionable season between 1820 and the next twelve years, does not well remember "Old Townsend," the short, dumpy, "bump-tious" Bow Street officer, in nankeen shorts and short gaiters, to match, with blue and white striped silk hose between; his blue broadcloth dress coat buttoned over his portly paunch, which was always carefully invested in a neat marcella "vest;" his cranium closely covered with a flaxen scratch, his flaxen scratch surmounted by a broad-brimmed drab beaver, his drab beaver surrounded and adorned with a drab riband, and full rosette, to correspond, and his right hand graced with a handsome silver-headed stout Malacca cane? Reader, if you have ever met such a man,—and no doubt you have, for he was always to be met with for many years at the time and place above mentioned, sometimes arm-in-arm with the Duke of York, or chatting familiarly with Lord Sidmouth,—that man, be it known unto thee, was "Old Townsend." George the Fourth called him John—plain "John;" by the ladies, he was called "Mister Townsend," for he was a special favourite and a useful man to them—as I mean to shew, sometime or other; by the great officers of state, and the cabinet ministers, he was also called Mister Townsend; but by the common sort, who delight to vulgarize everything, he was called "Old Townsend." In his younger days, he had been a student in shoe-blacking, in his majesty's gaol of Newgate; from shoe-blacking, he elevated himself to coal-heaving, and in that profession he obtained the honour of being an odd man; from coal-heaving, he took to the gaol again, and became a trusty turnkey; from turning the key in Newgate, he turned Bow Street officer, and principal confidant

of Sir Richard Birnie, Knight; from Bow Street he was advanced to the run of all the royal palaces, and became the intimate of royalty itself from George the Third down to William the Fourth; the consulting friend of all the lord chancellors, from Lord Loughborough down to Lord Eldon; the gratuitous adviser of all cabinet ministers, from Mr. Spencer Perceval, Lord Sidmouth, &c. down to Sir Robert Peel; the favourite champion of the ladies generally; and finally, he was the very man whom George the Fourth called in to aid, and as sist him in establishing the Court Circular!

"John, we want you," said Sir John McMahon, seizing Townsend by the button, as they accidentally met under the portico of Carlton House one morning, shortly after the passing of the Regency Act. Sir John McMahon was a small Irish gentleman, with a rather large and somewhat caruncled nose; and he was, moreover, privy pursebearer, and private secretary to his royal highness the prince regent. So, seizing Townsend by his button, as above related, he said to him, "John, we want you;" and Townsend, drawing himself up to his full height—five feet four, or thereabout—replied, "Werry good, Sir John."—"We want your assistance," continued Sir John, "in a matter which must be instantly attended to—*instantly*—do you understand me?"

"Understand you, Sir John!" replied Townsend—"to be sure I do; and I'm always at your service, Sir John, or his royal highness' either; and you may always—"

"Ay, ay, I know all that, Townsend; but do be so good as listen to me for a moment," replied Sir John, interrupting him, and giving the button a very earnest twitch, by way of bespeaking instant attention,—"do pray listen to me."

"Listen to you, Sir John!" exclaimed Townsend. "It's my duty to listen to you, as the privy purse and private secretary of his royal highness, who is a-holding of the royal authority, during his poor old father's illness. God bless 'em both, I say!"

Whereupon, he gave his broad beaver a jaunty cant on one side, and struck the pavement energetically with the brass-shod point of his Malacca cane, by way of giving more point to his speech, I suppose. At the same moment sticking his left arm boldly akimbo, and darting all the lustre of his keen grey eyes full on the private secretary's ruby countenance, and ending with a wink so significant, that it drew his right cheek an inch higher than the left. It was the reconciliatory wink with which the Townsend invariably let himself down from the proud attitude he assumed whenever he thought his knowledge of his duty was in question.

The Privy Purse understood it, and proceeded.

"Well then, Townsend, what I want to say to you is this:—You see what stupid things get into the papers almost every morning about what they call the royal movements, and—"

"See 'em, Sir John!" again broke out the Townsend, grasping his cane with increased vigour; "I believe I do see 'em, for it aint easy to keep any thing away from me, I can tell you;" and then, spite of the repeated tugs at his button by the Privy Purse, he went on. "Well, it was only last Wednesday morning, as ever was, as I was a-coming through stable-yard, St. James's,—which I always makes it my way, from Piccadilly to Bow Street, who should I light on but York—the Dook—the custos, as they call him. 'Good morning, your royal highness,' says I; and with that, he puts his arm inside of mine, and says I to him says I, 'Why, I'm blessed,' says I, 'if them rascally nooz-papers ar'n't a-ronning their rigs at you now, Mister Fred,—I'm blow'd if they ar'n't!' For you know, Sir John, how plaguy hard they've been a-running of him this last week, and if—"

"Ay, ay, ay! never mind all that," said the impatient Privy Purse; "but tell me at once, do you know any writer for the newspapers?—any plain, decent fellow, who will say no more than is set down for him? because, if you do, I should like to see him down here directly. Do you understand?"

Townsend pursed his lips, gave his coat a tight button across his heart, struck the pavement again with the point of his cane, winked his eye vigorously, and descended the steps of the portico without answering; but before he had taken half a dozen strides across the fore court, he suddenly turned round, and seeing the Privy Purse still looking after him, he gave him another hard wink, and said—"Sir John, I'll be back in a jiffy. I can clap my finger upon the very man."

And Townsend was as good as his word. In less than half an hour—which, therefore, must be understood to signify a jiffy—he returned with an elderly police reporter in his hand—an old cirony of his own, "courteous he was, lowly and serviceable"—and that same day he was installed in the office and dignity of Court Newsmen. Notices were sent round to all the newspaper officers, that thenceforward circulars—"Court Circulars"—would be sent round to them from the newly appointed "court newsmen," containing the only authentic court news, and they were warned against publishing any other. At the same time, all the approaches to the palaces, or any of the appurtenances were strictly tabooed against the incursions of the irregular troops of the press; and the establishment of the "Court circular" was complete as it at this day appears before the public.

GUIZOT.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Guizot's largest work is his translation of *Gibbon's Rome*; and the just and philosophic spirit in which he viewed the course of human affairs, was admirably calculated to provide an antidote to the sceptical sneers which, in a writer of such genius and strength of understanding, are at once the marvel and the disgrace of that immortal work.

The most important event which ever occurred in the history of mankind, is the one concerning which contemporary writers have given us the least satisfactory accounts. Beyond all doubt the overthrow of Rome by the Goths was the most momentous catastrophe which has occurred on the earth since the deluge; yet, if we examine either the historians of antiquity or the earliest of modern times, we find it wholly impossible to understand to what cause so great a catastrophe had been owing. What gave, in the third and fourth centuries, so prodigious an impulse to the northern nations, and enabled them, after being so long repelled by the arms of Rome, finally to prevail over it? What, still more, so completely paralysed the strength of the empire during that period, and produced that astonishing weakness in the ancient conquerors of the world, which rendered them the easy prey of those whom they had so often subdued? The ancient writers content themselves with saying, that the people became corrupted; that they lost their military courage; that the recruiting of the legions, in the free inhabitants of the empire, became impossible; and that the semi-barbarous tribes on the frontier could not be relied on to uphold its fortunes. But a very little reflection must be sufficient to show that there must have been much more in it than this, before a race of conquerors was converted into one

of slaves; before the legions fled before the barbarians, and the strength of the civilized was overthrown by the energy of the savage world. For what prevented a revenue from being raised in the third or fourth, as well as the first or second centuries? Corruption in its worst form had doubtless pervaded the higher ranks in Rome from the Emperor downward; but these vices are the faults of the exalted and the affluent only; they never have, and never will, extend generally to the great body of the community; for this plain reason, that they are not rich enough to purchase them. But the remarkable thing is, that in the decline of the empire, it was in the lower ranks that the greatest and most fatal weakness first appeared. Long before the race of the Patricians had become extinct, the free cultivators had disappeared from the fields. Leaders and generals of the most consummate abilities, of the greatest daring, frequently arose; but their efforts proved in the end ineffectual, from the impossibility of finding a sturdy race of followers to fill their ranks. The legionary Italian soldier was wanting—his place was imperfectly supplied by the rude Dacian, the hardy German, the faithless Goth. So completely were the inhabitants of the provinces within the Rhine and the Danube paralysed, that they ceased to make any resistance to the hordes of invaders; and the fortunes of the empire were, for several generations, sustained solely by the heroic efforts of individual leaders—Belisarius, Narces, Julian, Aurelian, Constantine, and many others—whose renown, though it could not rouse the pacific inhabitants to warlike efforts, yet attracted military adventurers from all parts of the world to their standard. Now, what weakened and destroyed the rural population? It could not be luxury; on the contrary, they were suffering under excess of poverty, and bent down beneath a load of taxes, which in Gaul, in the time of Constantine, amounted, as Gibbon tells us, to nine pence sterling on every freeman! What was it, then, which occasioned the depopulation and weakness? This is what it behoves us to know—this it is which ancient history has left unknown.

It is here that the vast step in the philosophy of history made from ancient to modern times is apparent. From a few detached hints and insulated facts, left by the ancient annalists, apparently ignorant of their value, and careless of their preservation, modern industry, guided by the light of philosophy, has teased up the true solution of the difficulty, and revealed the real causes, hidden from the ordinary gaze, which, even in the midst of its greatest prosperity, gradually, but certainly, undermined the strength of the empire. Michelet, in his *Gaule sous les Romains*, a most able and interesting work—Thierry, in his *Domination Romaine en Gaule*, and his *Histoire des Rois Mérovingiens*—Sismondi, in the first three volumes of his *Histoire des Français*—and Guizot, in his *Civilisation Européenne*, and the first volumes of his *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*—have applied their great powers to this most interesting subject. It may safely be affirmed, that they have got to the bottom of the subject, and lifted up the veil from one of the darkest, and yet most momentous, changes in the history of mankind. Guizot gives the following account of the principal causes which silently undermined the strength of the empire, flowing from the peculiar organization of ancient society:—

"When Rome extended, what did it do? Follow its history, and you will find that it was everlastingly engaged in conquering or founding cities. It was with cities that it fought—with cities that it contracted—into cities that it sent colonies. The history of the conquest of the world by Rome, is nothing but the history of the conquest and foundation of a great number of cities. In the East, the expansion of the Roman power assumed, from the very outset, a somewhat dissimilar character; the population was differently distributed from the West, and much less concentrated in cities; but in the European world, the foundation or conquests of towns was the uniform result of Roman conquest. In Gaul and Spain, in Italy, it was consequently towns which opposed the barrier to Roman domination, and towns which were founded or garrisoned by the legions, or strengthened by colonies, to retain them when vanquished in a state of subjection. Great roads stretched from one town to another; the multitude of cross roads which now intersect each other in every direction, was unknown. They had nothing in common with that multitude of little monuments, villages, churches, castles, villas, and cottages, which now cover our provinces. Rome has bequeathed to us nothing, either in its capital or its provinces, but the municipal character, which produced immense monuments on certain points, destined for the use of the vast population which was there assembled together.

"From this peculiar conformation of society in Europe, under the Roman dominion, consisting of a vast conglomeration of cities, with each a dependent territory, all independent of each other, arose the absolute necessity for a central and absolute government. One municipality in Rome might conquer the world; but to retain it in subjection, and provide for the government of all its multifarious parts, was a very different matter. This was one of the chief causes of the general adoption of a strong concentrated government under the empire. Such a centralized despotism not only succeeded in restraining and regulating all the incoherent members of the vast dominion, but the idea of a central irresistible authority insinuated itself into men's minds every where, at the same time, with wonderful facility. At first sight, one is astonished to see, in that prodigious and ill-united aggregate of little republics, in that accumulation of separate municipalities, spring up so suddenly an unbounded respect for the sacred authority of the empire. But the truth is, it had become a matter of absolute necessity, that the bond which held together the different parts of this heterogeneous dominion should be very powerful; and this it was which gave it so ready a reception in the minds of men.

"But when the vigour of the central power declined during a course of ages, the pressure of external warfare, and the weakness of internal corruption, this necessity was no longer felt. The capital ceased to be able to provide for the provinces; it could no longer afford them protection from them. During four centuries, the central power (the emperors) incessantly struggled against this increasing debility; but the moment at length arrived, when all the practised skill of despotism, over the long insouciance of servitude, could no longer keep together the huge and unwieldy body. In the fourth century, we see it at once break up and disintegrate; the barbarians entered on all sides from without, the provinces ceased to oppose any resistance from within; the cities to evince any regard for the general welfare; and, as in the disaster of a shipwreck, every one looked out for his individual safety. Thus, on the dissolution of the empire, the same general state of society presented itself as in its cradle. The imperial authority sunk into the dust, and municipal institutions alone survived the disaster. This, then, was the chief legacy which the ancient bequeathed to the modern world—for it alone survived the storm by which the former had been destroyed—cities and a municipal organization every where established. But it was not the only legacy. Beside it, there was the recollection at least of the awful majesty of the emperor—of a distant, unseen, but sacred and irresistible power. These are the two ideas which antiquity bequeathed to modern times. On the one hand, the municipal régime, its rules, customs, and principles of liberty; on the other, a common, general, civil legislation; and the idea of ab-

solate power, of a sacred majesty, the principle of order and servitude."—(*Civilization Européenne*, 20, 23.)

The causes which produced the extraordinary, and at first sight unaccountable, depopulation of the country districts, not only in Italy, but in Gaul, Spain, and all the European provinces of the Roman empire, are explained by Guizot in his *Essays on the History of France*, and have been fully demonstrated by Sismondi, Thierry, and Michelet. They were a natural consequence of the municipal system, then universally established as the very basis of civilization in the whole Roman empire, and may be seen urging, from a similar cause, the Turkish empire to dissolution at this day. This was the imposition of a certain fixed duty, as a burden on each municipality, to be raised, indeed, by its own members, but admitting of no diminution, save under the most special circumstances, and on an express exemption by the emperor. Had the great bulk of the people been free, and the empire prosperous, this fixity of impost would have been the greatest of all blessings. It is the precise boon so frequently and earnestly implored by our ryots in India, and indeed by the cultivators all over the East. But when the empire was beset on all sides with enemies—only the more rapacious and pressing, that the might of the legions had so long confined them within the comparatively narrow limits of their own sterile territories—and disasters, frequent and serious, were laying waste the frontier provinces, it became the most dreadful of all scourges; because, as the assessment on each district was fixed, and scarcely ever suffered any abatement, every disaster experienced increased the burden on the survivors who had escaped it; until they became bent down under such a weight of taxation, as, coupled with the small number of freemen on whom it exclusively fell, crushed every attempt at productive industry. It was the same thing as if all the farmers on each estate were to be bound to make up, annually, the same amount of rent to their landlord, no matter how many of them had become insolvent. We know how long the agriculture of Britain, in a period of declining prices and frequent disaster, would exist under such a system.

Add to this the necessary effect which the free circulation of grain throughout the whole Roman world had in depressing the agriculture of Italy, Gaul, and Greece. They were unable to withstand the competition of Egypt, Lybia, and Sicily—the store-houses of the world; where the benignity of the climate, and the riches of the soil, rewarded seventy or an hundred fold the labours of the husbandman. Gaul, where the increase was only seven-fold—Italy, where it seldom exceeded twelve—Spain, where it was never so high, were crushed in the struggle. The mistress of the world, as Tacitus bewails, had come to depend for her subsistence on the floods of the Nile. Unable to compete with the cheap grain raised in the more favoured regions of the south, the cultivators of Italy and Gaul gradually retired from the contest. They devoted their extensive estates to pasturage, because live cattle or dairy produce could not bear the expense of being shipped from Africa; and the race of agriculturists, the strength of the legions, disappeared in the fields, and was lost in the needy and indolent crowd of urban citizens, in part maintained by tributes in corn brought from Egypt and Lybia. This augmented the burdens upon those who remained in the rural districts; for, as the taxes of each municipality remained the same, every one that withdrew into the towns left an additional burden on the shoulders of his brethren who remained behind. So powerful was the operation of these two causes—the fixity in the state burdens payable by each municipality, and the constantly declining prices, owing to the vast import from agricultural regions more favoured by nature—that it fully equalled the effect of the ravages of the barbarians in the frontier provinces exposed to their incursions; and the depopulation of the rural districts was as complete in Italy and Gaul, before a barbarian had passed the Alps or set his foot across the Rhine, as in the plains between the Alps or the Adriatic and the Danube, which had for long been ravaged by their arms.

Domestic slavery conspired with these evils to prevent the healing power of nature from closing these yawning wounds. Gibbon estimates the number of slaves throughout the empire, in its latter days, at a number equal to that of the freemen; in other words, one half of the whole inhabitants were in a state of servitude; and as there were 120,000,000 souls under the Roman sway sixty millions were in that degraded condition. There is reason to believe that the number of slaves was still greater than this estimate, and at least double that of the freemen; for it is known by an authentic enumeration, that, in the time of the Emperor Claudius, the number of citizens in the empire was only 6,945,000 men, who, with their families, might amount to twenty millions of souls; and the total number of freemen was about double that of the citizens. In one family alone, in the time of Pliny, there were 4116 slaves. But take the number of slaves, according to Gibbon's computation, at only half the entire population, what a prodigious abstraction must this multitude of slaves have made from the physical and moral strength of the empire! Half the people requiring food, needing restraint, incapable of trust, and yet adding nothing to the muster-roll of the legions, or the persons by whom the fixed and immovable annual taxes were to be made good! In what state would the British empire now be, if we were subjected to the action of similar causes of ruin? A vast and unwieldy dominion, exposed on every side to the incursions of barbarous and hostile nations, daily increasing in numbers and augmenting in military skill; a fixed taxation, for which the whole free inhabitants of every municipality were jointly and severally responsible, to meet the increasing military establishments required by these perils; a declining, and at length extinct, agriculture in the central provinces of the empire, owing to the deluge of cheap grain from its fertile extremities, wafted over the waters of the Mediterranean; multitudes of turbulent freemen in cities, kept quiet by daily distribution of provisions at the public expense, from the imperial granaries; and a half, or two thirds, of the whole population in a state of slavery—neither bearing any share of the public burdens, nor adding to the strength of the military array of the empire. Such are the discoveries of the modern philosophy, as to the causes of the decline and ultimate fall of the Roman empire, gleaned from a few facts accidentally preserved by the ancient writers, apparently unconscious of their value! It is a noble science which, in so short a time, has presented such a gift to mankind.

Guizot has announced, and ably illustrated, a great truth, which, when traced to its legitimate consequences, will be found to go far towards dispelling many of the pernicious innovating dogmas which have so long been adroit in the world. It is this, that whenever an institution, though apparently pernicious in our eyes, has long existed, and under a great variety of circumstances we may rest assured that it in reality has been attended with some advantages which counterbalance its evils, and that upon the whole it is beneficial in its tendency. This important principle is thus stated:—

"Independent of the efforts of man, there is established by a law of providence, which it is impossible to mistake, and which is analogous to what we witness in the natural world, a certain measure of order, reason, and justice, without which society cannot exist. From the single fact of its endurance we

may conclude, with certainty, that a society is not completely absurd, insensate, or iniquitous; that it is not destitute of the elements of reason, truth, and justice—which alone can give life to society. If the more that society develops itself, the stronger does this principle become—if it is daily accepted by a greater number of men, it is a certain proof that in the lapse of time there has been progressively introduced into it more reason, more justice, more right. It is thus that the idea of political legitimacy has arisen.

"This principle has for its foundation, in the first instance, at least in a certain degree, the great principles of moral legitimacy—justice, reason, truth. Then came the sanction of time, which always begets the presumption of reason having directed arrangements which have long endured. In the early periods of society, we too often find force and falsehood ruling the cradles of royalty, aristocracy, democracy, and even the church; but every where you will see this force and falsehood yielding to the reforming hand of time, and right and truth taking their place in the rulers of civilization. It is this progressive infusion of right and truth which has by degrees developed the idea of political legitimacy; it is thus that it has become established in modern civilization. At different times, indeed, attempts have been made to substitute for this idea the banner of despotic power; but, in doing so, they have turned it aside from its true origin. It is so little the banner of despotic power, that it is in the name of right and justice that it has overspread the world. As little is it exclusive: it belongs neither to persons, classes, nor sects; it arises wherever the idea of right has developed itself. We shall meet with this principle in systems the most opposite: in the feudal system, in the municipalities of Flanders and Germany, in the republics of Italy, as well as in simple monarchies. It is a character diffused through the various elements of modern civilization, and the perception of which is indispensable to the right understanding of its history."—(*Lecture iii. 9, 11; Civilization Européenne*)

No principle ever was announced of more practical importance in legislating for mankind, than is contained in this passage. The doctrine is somewhat obscurely stated, and not with the precision which in general distinguishes the French writers; but the import of it seems to be this—That no system of government can long exist among men, unless it is substantially, and in the majority of cases, founded in reason and justice, and sanctioned by experienced utility for the people among whom it exists; and therefore, that we may predicate with perfect certainty of any institution which has been generally extended and long established, that it has been upon the whole beneficial, and should be modified or altered with a very cautious hand. That this proposition is true, will probably be disputed by none who have thought much and dispassionately on human affairs; for all human institutions are formed and supported by men, and unless men had some reason for supporting them, they would steadily sink to the ground. It is in vain to say a privileged class have got possession of the power, and they make use of it to perpetuate these abuses. Doubtless, they are always sufficiently inclined to do so; but a privileged class, or a despot, is always a mere handful against the great body of the people; and unless their power is supported by the force of general opinion, founded on experienced utility upon the whole, it could not maintain its ground a single week. And this explains a fact observed by an able and ingenious writer of the present day. [Mr James's Preface to *Mary of Burgundy*], that if almost all the great convulsions recorded in history are attentively considered, it will be found, that after a brief period of strenuous, and often almost superhuman effort, on the part of the people, they have terminated in the establishment of a government and institutions differing scarcely, except in name, from that which had preceded the struggle. It is hardly necessary to remark how striking a confirmation the English revolution of 1688, and the French of 1830, afford of this truth.

Lord Bacon has told us, in words which can never become trite, so profound is their wisdom, that our changes, to be beneficial, should resemble those of time, which, though the greatest of all innovators, works out its alterations so gradually that they are never perceived. Guizot makes, in the same spirit, the following fine observation on the slow march of Supreme wisdom in the government of the world:—

"If we turn our eyes to history, we shall find that all the great developments of the human mind have turned to the advantage of society—all the great struggles of humanity to the good of mankind. It is not, indeed, immediately that these efforts take place; ages often elapse, a thousand obstacles intervene, before they are fully developed; but when we survey a long course of ages, we see that all has been accomplished. The march of Providence is not subjected to narrow limits; it cares not to develop to-day the consequences of a principle which it has established yesterday; it will bring them forth in ages, when the appointed hour has arrived; and its course is not the less sure that it is slow. The throne of the Almighty rests on time—it marches through its boundless expanse as the gods of Homer through space—it makes a step, and ages have passed away. How many ages elapsed, how many ages ensued, before the regeneration of the inner man, by means of Christianity, exercised on the social state its great and salutary influence! Nevertheless, it has at length succeeded. No one can mistake its effects at this time."—(*Lecture i. 24.*)

In surveying the progress of civilization in modern, as compared with ancient times, two features stand prominent as distinguishing the one from the other. These are the church and the feudal system. They were precisely the circumstances which gave the most umbrage to the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and which awakened the greatest transports of indignation among the ardent multitudes who, at its close, brought about the French Revolution. Very different is the light in which the eye of true philosophy, enlightened by the experience of their abolition, views these great distinctive features of modern society.

"Immense," says Guizot, "was the influence which the Christian church exercised over the civilization of modern Europe. In the outset, it was an incalculable advantage to have a moral power, a power destitute of physical force, which reposed only on mental convictions and moral feelings, established amidst that deluge of physical force and selfish violence which overwhelmed society at that period. Had the Christian church not existed, the world would have been delivered over to the influence of physical strength, in its coarsest and most revolting form. It alone exercised a moral power. It did more; it spread abroad the idea of a rule of obedience, a heavenly power, to which all human beings, how great soever, were subjected, and which was above all human laws. That of itself was a safeguard against the greatest evils of society; for it affected the minds of those by whom they were brought about; it professed that belief—the foundation of the salvation of humanity—that there is above all existing institutions, superior to all human laws, a permanent and divine law, sometimes called Reason, sometimes Divine Command, but which, under whatever name it goes, is for ever the same.

"Then the church commenced a great work—the separation of the spiritual and temporal power. That separation is the origin of liberty of conscience; it rests on no other principle than that which lies at the bottom of the widest and

most extended toleration. The separation of the spiritual and temporal powers rests on the principle, that physical force is neither entitled to act, nor can ever have any lasting influence, on thoughts, conviction, truth; it flows from the eternal distinction between the world of thought and the world of action, the world of interior conviction and that of external facts. In truth, that principle of the liberty of conscience, for which Europe has combated and suffered so much, which has so slowly triumphed, and often against the utmost efforts of the clergy themselves, was first founded by the doctrine of the separation of the temporal and spiritual power, in the cradle of European civilization. It is the Christian church which, by the necessities of its situation to defend itself against the assaults of barbarism, introduced and maintained it. The presence of a moral influence, the maintenance of a Divine law, the separation of the temporal and spiritual power, are the three great blessings which the Christian church has diffused in the dark ages over European society.

"The influence of the Christian church was great and beneficent for another reason. The bishop and clergy ere long became the principal municipal magistrates: they were the chancellors and ministers of kings—the rulers, except in the camp and the field, of mankind. When the Roman empire crumbled into dust, when the central power of the emperors and the legions disappeared, there remained, we have seen, no other authority in the state but the municipal functionaries. But they themselves had fallen into a state of apathy and despair; the heavy burdens of despotism, the oppressive taxes of the municipalities, the incursions of the barbarians, had reduced them to despair. No protection to society, no revival of industry, no shielding of innocence, could be expected from their exertions. The clergy, again, formed a society within itself; fresh, young, vigorous, sheltered by the prevailing faith, which speedily drew to itself all the learning and intellectual strength that remained in the state. The bishops and priests, full of life and of zeal, naturally were recruited in order to fill all civil situations requiring thought or information. It is wrong to reproach their exercise of these powers as an usurpation; they alone were capable of exercising them. Thus has been the natural course of things prescribed for all ages and countries. The clergy alone were mentally strong and morally zealous: they became all-powerful. It is the law of the universe."—(Lecture iii. 27, 31; *Civilization Européenne*.)

Nothing can be more just or important than these observations; and they throw a new and consoling light on the progress and ultimate destiny of European society. They are as original as they are momentous. Robertson, with his honest horror of the innumerable corruptions which, in the time of Leo X and Luther, brought about the Reformation—Simond, with his natural detestation of a faith which had urged on the dreadful cruelties of the crusade of the Albigenses, and which produced the revocation of the edict of Nantes—have alike overlooked these important truths, so essential to a right understanding of the history of modern society. They saw that the arrogance and cruelty of the Roman clergy had produced innumerable evils in later times; that their venality in regard to indulgences and abuse of absolutism had brought religion itself into discredit; that the absurd and incredible tenets which they still attempted to force on mankind, had gone far to alienate the intellectual strength of modern Europe, during the last century, from their support. Seeing this, they condemned it absolutely, for all times and in all places. They fell into the usual error of men in reasoning on former from their own times. They could not make "the past and the future predominate over the present." They felt the absurdity of many of the legends which the devout Catholics received as undoubted truths, and they saw no use in perpetuating the belief in them; and thence they conceived that they must always have been equally unserviceable, forgetting that the eighteenth was not the eighth century; and that, during the dark ages violence would have rioted without control, if, when reason was in abeyance, knowledge scanty, and military strength alone in estimation, superstition had not thrown its unseen fetters over the barbarian's arms. They saw that the Romish clergy, during five centuries, had laboured strenuously, and often with the most frightful cruelty, to crush independence of thought in matters of faith, and chain the human mind to the tenets, often absurd and erroneous, of her Papal creed; and they forgot that, during five preceding centuries, the Christian church had laboured as assiduously to establish the independence of thought from physical coercion, and had alone kept alive, during the interregnum of reason, the sparks of knowledge and the principles of freedom.

In the same liberal and enlightened spirit Guizot views the feudal system, the next grand characteristic of modern times.

"A decisive proof that, in the tenth century, the feudal system had become necessary, and was, in truth, the only social state possible, is to be found in the universality of its adoption. Universally, upon the cessation of barbarism, the feudal forms were adopted. At the first moment of barbarian conquest, men saw only the triumph of chaos. All unity all civilization disappeared; on all sides was seen society falling into dissolution; and, in its stead, arising a multitude of little, obscure, isolated communities. This appeared to all the contemporaries nothing short of universal anarchy. The poets, the chroniclers of the time, viewed it as the approach of the end of the world. It was, in truth, the end of the ancient world; but the commencement of a new one, placed on a broad basis, and with large means of social improvement and individual happiness.

"Then it was that the feudal system became necessary, inevitable. It was the only possible means of emerging from the general chaos. The whole of Europe, accordingly, at the same time adopted it. Even those portions of society which were most strangers, apparently, to that system, entered warmly into its spirit, and were fain to share in its protection. The crown, the church, the communities, were constrained to accommodate themselves to it. The churches became suzerain or vassal, the burghs had their lords and their feuars; the monasteries and abbeys had their feudal retainers, as well as the temporal barons. Royalty itself was disguised under the name of a feudal superior. Every thing was given in fief; not only lands, but certain rights flowing from them, as that of cutting wood, fisheries, or the like. The church made subinfeudations of their casual revenues, as the does on marriages, funerals, and baptisms."

The establishment of the feudal system thus universally in Europe, produced one effect, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. Hitherto the mass of mankind had been collected under the municipal institutions which had been universal in antiquity, in cities, or wandered in vagabond hordes through the country. Under the feudal system these men lived isolated, each in his own habitation, at a great distance from each other. A glance will show that this single circumstance must have exercised on the character of society, and the course of civilization, the social preponderance; the government of society passed at once from the towns to the country—private took the lead of public property—private prevailed over public life. Such was the first effect, and it was an effect purely material, of the establishment of the feudal system. But

other effects, still more material, followed, of a moral kind, which have exercised the most important effects on the European manners and mind.

"The feudal proprietor established himself in an isolated place, which, for his own protection, he rendered secure. He lived there, with his wife, his children, and a few faithful friends, who shared his hospitality, and contributed to his defence. Around the castle, in its vicinity, were established the farmers and serfs who cultivated his domain. In the midst of that inferior, but yet allied and protected population, religion planted a church, and introduced a priest. He was usually the chaplain of the castle, and at the same time the curate of the village; in subsequent ages these two characters were separated; the village pastor resided beside his church. This was the primitive feudal society—the cradle, as it were, of the European and Christian world.

"From this state of things necessarily arose a prodigious superiority on the part of the possessor of the fief, alike in his own eyes, and in the eyes of those who surrounded him. The feeling of individual importance, of personal freedom, was the ruling principle of savage life; but here a new feeling was introduced—the importance of a proprietor, of the chief of a family, of a master, predominated over that of an individual. From this situation arose an immense feeling of superiority—a superiority peculiar to the feudal ages, and entirely different from any thing which had yet been experienced in the world. Like the feudal lord, the Roman patrician was the head of a family, a master, a landlord. He was, moreover, a religious magistrate, a pontiff in the interior of his family. He was, moreover, a member of the municipality in which his property was situated, and perhaps one of the august senate, which, in name at least, still ruled the empire. But all this importance and dignity was derived from without—the patrician shared it with the other members of his municipality—with the corporation of which he formed a part. The importance of the feudal lord, again, was purely individual—he owed nothing to another; all the power he enjoyed emanated from himself alone. What a feeling of individual consequence must such a situation have inspired—what pride, what insolence, must it have engendered in his mind! Above him was no superior, of whose orders he was to be the mere interpreter or organ—around him were no equals. No all-powerful municipality made his wishes bend to its own—no superior authority exercised a control over his wishes; he knew no bridle on his inclinations, but the limits of his power, or the presence of danger.

"Another consequence, hitherto not sufficiently attended to, but of vast importance, flowed from this society.

"The patriarchal society, of which the Bible and the Oriental monuments offer the model, was the first combination of men. The chief of a tribe lived with his children, his relations, the different generations who have assembled around him. This was the situation of Abraham—of the patriarchs: it is still that of the Arab tribes which perpetuate their manners. The clan, of which remains still exist in the mountains of Scotland, and the sept of Ireland, is a modification of the patriarchal society: it is the family of the chief, expanded during a succession of generations, and forming a little aggregation of dependents, still influenced by the same attachments, and subjected to the same authority. But the feudal community was very different. Allied at first to the clan, it was yet in many essential particulars dissimilar. There did not exist between its members the bond of relationship; they were not of the same blood; they often did not speak the same language. The feudal lord belonged to a foreign and conquering, his serfs to a domestic and vanquished race. Their employments were as various as their feelings and their traditions. The lord lived in his castle, with his wife, his children, and relations; the serfs on the estate, of a different race, of different names, toiled in the cottages around. This difference was prodigious—it exercised a most powerful effect on the domestic habits of modern Europe. It engendered the attachments of home: it brought women into their proper sphere in domestic life. The little society of freemen, who lived in the midst of an alien race in the castle, were all in all to each other. No forum or theatres were at hand, with their cares or their pleasures; no city enjoyments were a counterpoise to the pleasures of country life. War and the chase broke in, it is true, grievously at times, upon this scene of domestic peace. But war and the chase could not last for ever; and, in the long intervals of undisturbed repose, family attachments formed the chief solace of life. Thus it was that women acquired their paramount influence—thence the manners of chivalry, and the gallantry of modern times; they were but an extension of the courtesy and habits of the cast. The word courtesy shows it—it was in the court of the castle that the habits it denotes were learned."—(Lecture iv. 13, 17; *Civilization Européenne*.)

The perusal of Guizot's works awakes one mournful impression—the voice which uttered so many noble and enlightened sentiments is now silent; the genius which once cast abroad light on the history of man is lost in the vortex of present politics. The philosopher, the historian, are merged in the statesman—the instructor of all in the governor of one generation. Great as have been his services, brilliant his course in the new career into which he has been launched, it is as nothing compared to that which he has left; for the one confers present distinction, the other immortal fame.

A NUBIAN BEAUTY.

"The Nubian woman is more free than her Egyptian neighbour, and also far more virtuous; she seldom wears a veil, and, as she bends over the river to fill her water-jar, or walks away, supporting it with one hand, no statuary could imagine a more graceful picture than she presents. Her light and elegant figure has that serpent sinuousness when she moves, that constitutes the very poetry of motion, and resembles gliding rather than walking. Her face is finely oval, and her dark eyes have a gentle and inquiring though somewhat sad expression, that seems to bespeak great intelligence. Her complexion is very dark, but it is of that bronze colour, so familiar to our eyes in statues, that it forms no deduction from the general beauty of this graceful and winning savage. There was a girl at Philæ, who, I think, approached more nearly the ideal of perfect loveliness than any other I have ever seen; and might have passed for the very spirit of that wild and beautiful region. Whether she lay couched under the shade of the palms, weaving the cotton, whose pale yellow flowers were strewn around her, or led her sheep to pasture, or smiled upon the children at their play, or gazed upon the strangers with her large, lustrous, gentle eyes, in every phase of her simple life, she was what Eve might have been. The voices of these women are very sweet, and low, and plaintive; and though their language conveyed to my ear as little meaning as the song of birds, yet there was something in the tones that seemed familiar. Often, when our boat lay moored under the shadow of the palm, have I lain and listened to the murmurs of their voices, with a pleasure such as the richest notes of the Italian music never thrilled me with. There is nothing so associate as sound; there are tones, which our heart, in its youth, has heard, that never leave it; that he hushed from the wild tumult of the world we live in, until some sister-sound bids it start to life, and with it recalls not only the

time, but the feelings we enjoyed or suffered when first we heard its music. Under such a spell, the wild and savage scenery of Africa passed from my eyes; far distant climes and times replaced it on Memory's mirage, and came thronging by as rapidly as those hours had fled, when I was roused from my reverie by Mahmoud's informing me, with an execration, that these 'maladette donne' wanted three piastres a piece for their *maladetti pollastri*. Numerous as are the attractions of these dark charmers, there is one very powerful protection to the traveller against their unconscious fascinations;—that soft, smooth, shining skin owes all its brilliance to—castor oil. Unfortunately for romance there are large plantations of this pretty plant in every district in Nubia; and, as oil is absolutely necessary to save the the naked skin from the scorching effects of a tropical sun, the whole population, men, women, and children polish themselves with it two or three times a day! Now, does it not seem hard, that, in a country where the trees drop aromatic gums and fragrant balsams, and every air is laden with delicate perfume, that the particular article of general use in the savage toilette should be such as only an apothecary's apprentice could make love in the face of!

Miscellaneous Articles.

LIGHT AND HEAT OF THE SUN.

The Sun has been usually considered as a planet; but should rather be numbered among the stars, because he agrees with them in the continual emission of light, and in apparently retaining his relative situation with very little variation. His radiant orb is in figure a spheroid, surrounded by an atmosphere of extreme tenuity and great extent. The Sun constantly emits streams of light, which, being reflected by the planets they fall upon, can be ascertained to extend with inconceivable swiftness into space nearly two thousand millions of miles: how far beyond the regions of Uranus is left to conjecture, as well as the further effects of their impingement upon planetary surfaces, and what eventually becomes of this wonderful traversing emanation. Must it not reach at least as far as the aphelia of comets?

The solar rays, thus transmitted through space in every direction, must affect the several heavenly bodies very differently, on account of the varieties in their atmospheres, and because the intensity of both light and heat diminishes as the square of the distance increases. The appearance of the Sun is that of an intensely brilliant ball, far too dazzling for the unprotected eye. This light is so ardently strong, that the most vivid flames which human art can produce, when held before the Sun, disappear; and intensely ignited solids become dark spots on the solar disc when seen between it and the eye. "The ball of ignited quick-lime," says Sir John Herschel, "in Lieutenant Drummond's oxy-hydrogen lamp gives the nearest imitation to the solar splendour which has yet been produced. The appearance of this against the sun was, however, as described, (*viz.* a dark spot), in an imperfect trial at which I was present." The direct light of the Sun has been estimated to be equal to that of 5,570 wax candles of moderate size, supposed to be placed at the distance of one foot from the object. That of the Moon is probably only equal to the light of one candle at the distance of twelve feet. Consequently the light of the Sun is more than 300,000 times greater than that of the Moon.

Cycle of Celestial Objects.

ORANGE GROVES OF ST MICHAEL.

The orange plantations or quintas of St Michael are of large extent, always encircled by a wall from fifteen to twenty feet high, and within a thick plantation-belt of the faya, cedar-tree, fern, birch, &c. to protect the orange-trees from the sea-breezes. The trees are propagated from shoots or layers, which are bent at the lower end into the ground, and covered with soil until roots begin to strike, when they are separated from the parent stem, and transplanted into a small excavated well about three feet deep (lined with pieces of lava, and surrounded at the top by plantations of laurel, young faya, and broom), until tender orange plants are sufficiently strong, at which period the plantations immediately round them are removed, and each plant begins to shoot up and flourish, after which no farther care is taken of it, beyond tarring occasionally the stem, to prevent injury by insects; and it in time spreads out with the majestic luxuriance of a chestnut-tree. In this country it only requires seven years to bring an orange plantation to good bearing; and each tree, on arriving at full growth a few years after, will then annually, upon an average, produce from 12,000 to 16,000 oranges: a gentleman told me he had once gathered 26,000. The crops are purchased, previous to their arriving at a state of maturity, by the merchants, who ascertain the value of the year's probable produce through the medium of experienced men, and then make their offer accordingly. The men thus employed to value orange crops gain a livelihood thereby; and such is the skill whereto they attain, that by walking once through a plantation, and giving a general glance at the trees, they are enabled to state, with the most astonishing accuracy, on what number of boxes the merchant may calculate. It becomes, however, quite a matter of speculation to the purchaser, as orange crops are a very uncertain property, and subject to various casualties between the time they are thus valued and the gathering. For instance, a continuance of cold north or north-easterly wind will cut them off: a violent storm will sometimes lay the whole crop on the ground in a night; or it may be entirely destroyed by insects. Nothing can exceed the rich luxuriant appearance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit months—namely, from November to March, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees; and when the bright odoriferous blossom diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighbourhood which is quite delicious.

Bold's Western Islands.

PROCRUSTATION.—Sir Walter Scott, writing to a friend who had obtained a situation, gave him this excellent advice:—"You must be aware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you, from not having your time fully employed. I mean what the women very expressively call *daedling*. Your motto must be, *Hoc age*. Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily, and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly despatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray, mind this: this is a habit of mind which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and is left at their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak, and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well, to whom I offer such a word of advice, that I will not apologise for it, but expect to hear you

are become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated. This is a great cast in life, and must be played with all skill and caution.

LIGHT OF THE MOON.

As the Moon's axis is nearly perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic, she can scarcely have any change of seasons. But what is still more remarkable, one half of the Moon has no darkness at all, while the other half has two weeks of light and two of darkness alternately: the inhabitants, if any, of the first half bask constantly in earth-shine without seeing the Sun, whilst those of the latter never see the Earth at all. For, as just stated, the Earth reflects the light of the Sun to the Moon, in the same manner as the Moon does to the Earth; therefore, at the time of conjunction or new moon, her further side must be enlightened by the Sun, and the nearer half by the Earth; and at the time of opposition or full moon, one half of her will be enlightened by the Sun, but the other half will be in total darkness. To the Lunarians the earth seems the largest orb in the universe; for it appears to them more than three times the size of the Sun, and thirteen times greater than the Moon does to us—exhibiting similar phases to herself, but in a reverse order: for when the Moon is full, the Earth is invisible to them; and when the Moon is new, they will see the Earth full. The face of the Moon appears to us permanent, but to them the Earth presents very different appearances: the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, in the course of each twenty-four hours, will successively rivet their attention; and the velocity of motion must excite both surprise and conjecture. Though, as aforesaid, certain of those gentlemen only behold the Earth for half a month at a time, those near the border see it only occasionally, and those on the side opposite the Earth never see it at all.

The Moon being but the fiftieth part of the bulk of our globe, and within 238,000 miles of us, may be brought by a proper telescope, which magnifies 1,000 times, to appear as she would to the naked eye were she only 250 miles off.

Cycle of Celestial Objects.

RUBENS.—Nothing inspires such a favourable idea of the disposition and general structure of the mind of Rubens as his conduct towards other artists; conduct the more worthy of admiration, as he himself, owing to his great talents, wealth, and distinguished connections, occupied a station in society at once honourable and important. His doors were open at all hours, even when he was at work, to every artist desirous of profiting by his aid or advice; and, although he seldom paid visits, yet he was ever ready to inspect the works of any artist who wished it: on these occasions he invariably gave his opinion with candour according to the principles of art; nay, he would frequently take up the brush himself, and touch such parts as required it. In almost every picture he was sure to discover something good, and it seemed to afford him real pleasure to acknowledge the merits of a brother artist, and to set them forth on every opportunity. Upon being told that Van Dyck, after his return from Italy, complained that the profits from his works were not sufficient for his maintenance, he went the very next day to him, and purchased all the pictures which he found completed in his atelier. The manner in which he conducted himself towards his enemies, and those who were envious of his brilliant reputation, was as wise as it was generous. The imitations of the painter Rembrandt, who did all in his power to detract from his merits, he refuted by his famous work, the Descent from the Cross, in the cathedral of Antwerp. To Abraham Janssens, who challenged him for a wager to paint a picture with him, and submit their rival pretensions to the decision of the public, he replied, that this was quite unnecessary, as he had long submitted his works to the judgment of the whole world, and he advised him to follow his example. The slanderous detractions of Cornelius Schut he requited in another manner. He paid him a visit, praised his pictures, and, inquiring their prices, declared that he would buy them himself for the sums named; further, he assured him, that in case he should ever be without employment, he might always reckon on his assistance. And when his enemies had spread the report abroad that he employed Synders, Van Uden, and Wildens, because he was himself incompetent to paint animals and landscapes, he replied to the imputation by executing, with his own hand, four landscapes and two lion hunts in such a manner as to silence the most envious. In further confirmation of Rubens's good sense and practical turn of mind, an anecdote has been related by Sandrart. Brendel, an alchemist from London, of celebrity in those days, once paid a visit to our artist, assuring him that he was on the eve of discovering the philosopher's stone, and offering to divide with him the expected gains if he would advance a sum sufficient to prepare the laboratory and the necessary materials. Rubens, after listening to him with patience, replied, "Master Brendel, you have come just twenty years too late; for so long is it since I first discovered the true philosopher's stone in my palette and pencils."

Dr. Waagen's Life of Rubens.

RELATIVE DECAY OF THE SEXES.—Decay in the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In the three years ending June 30, 1840, the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales was 518,006, while the deaths among females were only 495,058, giving an excess of male deaths in three years of 18,048. After this statement, it cannot appear surprising that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males. In the present time, in London, there are 996,000 females to 878,000 males, or an excess of 119,000 ladies. Coupled with the fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between 1st July 1839 and 30th June 1840, 5247 females, aged 85 and upwards; whereas of the same age, there died only 3954 gentlemen leaving what is called in the city 'a balance' in favour of the old ladies 1293. Among the females who died, 71 had passed the age of 100, but only 40 males. There are only three diseases common to the sexes which carry off more females than males; they are consumption, cancer, and dropsy. The deaths by childbirth form but a very small fraction of the mortality of the female sex. The proportion is only 8 per 1000 of the total mortality; and as half a million of children are annually born in England and Wales, and scarcely 3000 deaths take place in childbirth, so there is only 1 death to 170 confinements. The researches of the registrar-general have brought to light some singular results with reference to the proportion in which acute diseases affect the two sexes. In the zymotic tribe the *uniformity* is quite extraordinary. Thus, out of 8194 persons dying of measles in 1840 throughout England and Wales, 4143 were males, and 4051 females—a difference of only 92. Again, out of 17,862 persons dying of scarlet fever in the same year, 8927 were males, 8935 were females—a difference of only 8. On the other hand, it appears that out of 14,806 dying of pneumonia, 8177 were males, and only 6629 females. Out of 22,787 dying of convulsion, 12,689 were males, and only 10,098 females. The superior value of female life, which this and all statistical considerations tend to prove, and which our insurance-offices, by their variation of rates, acknowledge, is not attributable, to any differences in

the original construction of the body (for man is built of stronger materials than woman); but first, to the smaller demand made upon her vital power during the middle period of life; secondly, to the healthier condition and temperature of the female mind; and thirdly, to the lesser amount of toil and anxiety which, in a highly civilised country, falls to the share of woman.—*Dr. G. Gregory.*

OUR CELESTIAL KINSMAN.

The analogy between Mars and the Earth is greater than between the Earth and any other planet of the solar system. Their diurnal motion is nearly the same; the inclinations of their equators to the planes of their orbits, on which the seasons depend, are not very different; nor is the length of his year very different from ours, when compared with the years of Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. The Earth, however, appears to be the more favoured of the two; since water would not remain fluid even at the equator of Mars, and alcohol would freeze in his temperate zones. The force of gravity on his surface is about one-tenth greater than at the surface of the Earth; but his density is much less than that of the Earth. A body which weighs one pound at our equator, would weigh only five ounces and six dracmas at that of Mars; and were his course stopped, 121 days and 10 hours would elapse before he dropped upon the Sun. Should sentient beings exist there, they see the Sun's diameter less by one-third than we do; and consequently the degree of light and heat they receive is less than that received by us in the portion of 4 to 9, or rather less than 1 to 2; liable, however, to variations from the great eccentricity of his orbit. If their atmosphere be as dense as is supposed, they probably scarcely ever discern Mercury and Venus, which will appear to *horræ* on the solar rays: the earth and Moon, however, will afford them a beautiful pair of planets alternately changing places with each other under horned or falcated phases, but never quite full, and not more than a quarter of a degree distant from each other.

There is not a planet within the reach of our telescopes which presents an aspect so like that of the Earth as Mars; whose surface, independently of the changeable atmospheric influences, shows an appearance of well-defined seas and continents; and this was very especially the case in August 1830, when the *geographical* lines of demarcation were so beautifully distinct that Sir John Herschel called my attention to them, saying that he was able to make a tolerable map of the surface. The predominant brightness of the polar regions leads to the supposition, that poles of Mars, like those of the Earth, are covered with perpetual snow; and Sir William Herschel concluded, that the observable changes in luminosity and magnitude are connected with the Summer and Winter seasons in that planet. Sir John Herschel also remarks, that the brilliant polar spots are probably snow, as they disappear when they have been long exposed to the Sun, and are greatest when just emerging from the long night of their polar Winter. The latter astronomer, aided by the full power of the twenty-foot reflector, pronounced the seas to be of a greenish hue, resembling the colour of our own; and the land of a red tint, perhaps owing to a quality in the prevailing soil, like that which our red sandstone districts would exhibit to an observer beholding the Earth from the surface of Mars.

Cycle of Celestial Objects.

WILL OF THE LATE JOHN PARKER ESQ.—Our venerable fellow-citizen, John Parker, Senior, long known as one of our oldest and most wealthy merchants, departed this life about two years since, leaving an immense fortune to be divided among his heirs. His eldest son, (also named John Parker,) died in this city, at the age of 61 years on the 29th ult.

The younger Mr. Parker has also left a large fortune, and no children to inherit it.

Mr. Parker has bequeathed \$94 00 to the following public institutions, viz: \$50,000 to Harvard University—the income to be expended for the support of talented and poor students, under direction of the Governor of the State, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the President of Harvard University for the time being. \$10,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital, for the support of free beds, in addition to the number in the institution on the day of his death. These two legacies are payable at the death of his widow. Mr. Parker has also given 4000 to the Farm School, \$4000 to the Massachusetts Temperance Society, \$5000 to the Widows' Society, \$5000 to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, \$5000 to the Blind Asylum, \$2000 to the Boston Dispensary, \$2000 to the natural History Society, and \$300 to the Seamen's Aid Society.

Besides these there are many legacies to private individuals, whose names it would be neither delicate nor proper to publish—but there is one, partaking so nearly of a public character, and which will give so much public satisfaction, that we do not feel ourselves bound to forbear the mention of it. The legacy to which we allude, is that which Mr. Parker has given to his Clergyman, the Rev. George Putnam, the highly liberal, intelligent, and eloquent pastor of the Unitarian Church in Roxbury. The legacy to Mr. Putnam is \$10,000.

The total amount of bequests in the Will is \$341,500, and there is still a large residuary property to go to the heirs at law. *Boston Atlas.*

ABSTRACT SCIENCE IN WAR.—The Newtonian theory of tides was put to practical test in the late war, which ought to have worked conviction in the minds of Naval officers. The blockade of the Texel was successfully managed on a system at once economical in anxiety and labour. The ports of Holland admit of the ingress and egress of large ships only during spring tides; two days before which, our squadron regularly took station off the Texel, and remained there only as many days after the full and change of the moon; so that the Dutch lost all the advantage of high tides, and their heavy ships were effectually detained within their harbours.

REGULAR CONSERVATISM.—There are a certain number of good easy fat phrases, well-oiled and greased combinations and antitheses, which, under a very circuitous form, express the simple sentiment of the sanctity and the comfort proper to those who have it. This forms the staple commodity of the Durham conservative demonstration, and of a good many others. Every one knows what such concatenations as the "security of the throne, the church, the property of the rich, and the industry and well being of the poor," mean, as forming the comprehensive object of this species of conservatism. The "property of the rich," it is to be observed, is well cushioned between the "throne and the church" on the one side, and "the industry of the poor" on the other. All these streams of phraseology are well known: they have a meaning of their own. They mean, that the speaker and the class to which he belongs feel themselves very comfortably off where they are, and want to continue so; that the present state of the country exactly suits them, and that they do not want to change it. Social order, church, and throne, come in very well here, to aid the general effect: they throw a sanctity over the subject, and give dignity and solemnity to the claims of capitalists. A richness and grandeur is introduced;

people's attention is occupied by such a variety of material; and church, and throne, and rents, and money, and Christianity, make up a magnificent mixture of sound, and a whole theatrical movement; in the midst, the speaker sits down, and has the satisfaction of reflecting that he is a patriot and a capitalist. *Times.*

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

A LEGEND.

BY MISS CHRISTIANA WELLES.

The shadowy spell of evening fell
Upon a ruin'd, crumbling tower;
And darkness drear drew slowly near,
With every sign of awe and fear,
To herald midnight's hour.

And lonely frown'd the wild rock, crown'd
With this sad record of the dead;
The rolling deep, beneath the steep,
Forgot its placid evening's sleep,
And rear'd its crested head.

The night, in gloom, mark'd well the doom
Unpitying time had utter'd there;
Its winds breathed loud their mockery proud
To what had long before their bow'd
In callous, stern despair:

But bore along, in echoing song,
A voice that seem'd to mourn the past,
And many a tale and bitter wail
Of manhood brave and beauty frail
Swept onward in the blast.

The mournful knell unbecked fell,
While swift the branches waved aside
From one old oak, that loudly spoke
Of art's decay, and nature's sway,
And man's forgotten pride.

A maiden stood above the flood,
Upon that mouldering castle's keep;
Why came she there, so young, so fair,
To gaze along the midnight air,
With eye so full of dark despair,
When all the world should sleep?

Her cheek was white as cloud at night,
That floats beneath the sad moonlight;
Deep grief had lit upon her brow,
And there had traced a desert waste;—
Poor maniac! it is thou!

For constant ever there is seen,
With eager gaze and frenzied mien
(When day hath pass'd, and night hath cast
Her magic o'er that lone sea shore),
The witless maid Aline.

No storm may stay her lonely way;
That soul of woe no fear may know;
Its hopes lie low, beneath the flow
Of that far spread, unfathom'd tide,
Around her love, her pride.

Cold doth he rest; the wild waves play,
Or sleep, or rave, above his grave;
Three weary years have pass'd away,
Since Oscar sought a foreign shore,
And he return'd no more.

Then sad and lone, when he had flown,
All through the balmy summer days
The calm sea rippled 'neath her gaze.
When winter roused the dreadful main,
When spring's sweet rain awoke the plain,
She look'd for him in vain.

At length 'twas told, a rover bold,
No other (whisper'd they) than he,
Was conquer'd by a mighty foe,
And from the deck of his rebeck,
With shame and scorn, had plunged below,
And vanish'd through the sea.

What fleetest sail, before the gale,
Comes riding onward o'er the wave
So strangely white! and whence the light
That glimmers round that bark, in night
Dark as the hidden grave?

The maiden knew the sail that flew
So swift along the curling foam;
It left no track, but all was black
And gloomy it had glided through.
"How true I dream'd," poor Aline scream'd,
"My love is coming home!"

"He nears the shore—my watch is o'er;"
(Her voice rang through the tempest's roar),
"His form I see—he flies to me,
And waves his hand so merrily,
I never shall weep more!"

And, ere the wandering phantom fled,
An angel stole away her soul;
A moonbeam creeps to where she sleeps,
And o'er that lovely face can trace
A smile, as she lies dead.

CROCODILE SHOOTING.

"The first time a man fires at a crocodile is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins, at the mouths of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been for two days on the alert in search of them. Booyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively, and the wild duck and turtle; nay, even the vulture and the eagle had swept past, or soared above us in security. At length, the cry of 'Timseach, timseach!' was heard from half a dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half a dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a Covey of Crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in shore. R. was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his fin-like legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say, 'He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim.' I took aim at the throat of this supercilious brute, and as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger. Bang! went the gun; whizz! flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water, as I reached the brink of the shore, that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piastres for the timseach,' I exclaimed, and half a dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the Blacks dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe each traveller, who is honest enough, will make the same confession."

Crescent and the Cross.

LATER FROM MEXICO—DOWNFALL OF SANTA ANNA.

New Orleans papers of the 30th ult. contain intelligence from Vera Cruz to the 13th, and from the City of Mexico to the 9th, being one day later than our previous advices. They confirm the information of the overthrow of the power of Santa Anna.

We copy the following from the N. O. Bee:

The new ministry, we understand, is composed of the ablest and most honest men in the Republic. Around it are arrayed all the power, wealth and influence of the nation. Echeverria is a member of the firm of Widow Echeverria & Sons, well known in the commercial world for its respectability and influence. He was educated in England and is a man of enlightened and sagacious intellect. Senor Cuevas occupied the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs during the French contest, and acquitted himself with signal ability. He was educated for a diplomatic career, and figured once as Minister to Prussia. Conde is chief of the engineer corps; he is the son of a Spanish General and said to be a clever young man. We have reason to believe that under the new government no alteration will take place in the foreign relations of Mexico, but that on the contrary they will be maintained with increased vigor and energy.

No sooner was the revolution in Mexico completed than the city appeared to be filled with rejoicings and festivities. Every trophy of Santa Anna, his portraits and statues, were torn into shreds and shattered to pieces. His amputated leg, which had been embalmed and buried with military honors, was disinterred, broken to pieces and kicked about the town with every mark of indignation and contempt.

Letters from various parts of Mexico speak in glowing terms of the pacific accomplishment of the revolution, and of the beneficial results which are likely to flow from the establishment of a firm, vigorous, and above all, honest government, in lieu of the military despotism and grinding exactions which have, under the dictatorship of Santa Anna, crushed the people for the last few years.

The escape of Santa Anna is highly problematical. At the last advices he was at Queretaro, with about 2,500 men. His troops were daily thinned by desertions. There is every probability that he will be ultimately left alone, and that he may be so hemmed in by his enemies, as to leave him no chance of quitting the country. Should he succeed in escaping, he will proceed, as we are informed, to Cuba, where, with his princely revenues, he can still live in his accustomed splendour. His private fortune is estimated at some four millions of dollars. For the last twenty three years, Santa Anna has, with very brief intervals, wielded the destinies of Mexico; but his career appears now to be really drawing to a close, leaving him the alternative of a disgraceful flight or an ignominious death. Congress, it is said, has outlawed him, in case he should not lay down the command of the troops.

The Madisonian says that intelligence, brought by this arrival, has reached Washington, that the army of Santa Anna has deserted him, and that he has been, by a decree of Congress, formally banished from Mexico. His late cabinet, including the noted M. Rejon, has probably met with the same fate.

CONNECTION BETWEEN REVELATION AND SCIENCE.

The Rev. Dr. MATHEWS' lecture on this subject, last Sabbath evening, was attended by a very numerous and intelligent audience, among whom were noticed Bishop Chase and others of our leading Clergy and literary gentlemen. In a former lecture he had contrasted the character and attainments of eminent believers in Revelation with those of infidels; in this he very strikingly exhibited the comparative influence of the two systems on the advancement and welfare of communities. He showed that even the Greeks and Romans were probably indebted for their renowned skill in architecture and other arts, to Solomon, the builder of that wonder of the world, the Jewish temple, and to others of the Hebrew nation, who had enjoyed the immediate instructions of Heaven; and that the Grecian and Roman poets, and orators, likewise, were much indebted to such "holy men of old," as Moses, David, and Isaiah, whose inspired strains had never been excelled, though they might have quickened the genius, and contributed to the sublimity and beauty of the most eminent writers in every succeeding age.

Glancing at modern history, he showed that Christian men had, almost with-

out exception, been the founders and patrons of the most important Seminaries of Science, as well as of Religion, from the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford in England, and those of Paris, Leipsic, Göttingen, and others on the Continent, down to the present day. In our own country, the experiment had indeed been tried, under the munificent patronage of a great State, to establish and sustain an infidel University; but the attempt was unsuccessful; even thoughtless youth passed by such an institution, as not the most suitable place for them; and he was happy to know that its policy had been changed, and that it was now flourishing, like other Colleges, under the benign auspices of religion. One other attempt, of the like kind, though still more bold, and with even greater resources, had been made in a sister city. To secure his infidel purpose, in the bequest of millions, the founder designated orphans only to be trained in his College, under his munificence, and took effectual measures, as he supposed, for ever to exclude even the ministers of religion from entering the premises. But though some seventy years have elapsed, disappointment, and embarrassment, and disaster have hitherto attended this enterprise. And it might have been well had its author, before making this dying effort, solemnly reflected on the disastrous results of the reign of infidelity in his native country.

You may plant, said Dr. M., the best seeds, in the best soil, and anticipate a most vigorous and productive growth, but if the light of heaven be excluded, your expectations are blasted. So the Bible, this brightest revelation of God to man, is indispensable for renovating and invigorating our youth, and sanctifying the public mind; and it is no less shameful and unpatriotic, than it is impious, to brand it as a "sectarian" book. It was made by Him who made the soul and who knew what he adapted to the spiritual wants of every man, and to the highest welfare of communities. Never, said the speaker, had so much been done for the diffusion of Bible truth, as in the last forty years; and never had there been such advancement in arts and sciences, and all that concerned the improvement and happiness of man; and progress was yet making with lightning speed; the blind were literally taught to read; the deaf to hear; and the dumb might yet be expected to speak. These improvements were to be credited, in a great measure, to the enlightening and philanthropic influences of Christianity.—not to the fact that the world has grown older: it has grown older in China, in Africa, and other countries, without any such corresponding improvements. We are, said he, on the threshold of discoveries and inventions; and the day is past for smiling at projects for human improvement, simply because they are new:—we are to expect new plans and extraordinary efforts for diffusing, among all classes, religious intelligence and the light of life, as well as the blessings of science and civilization.

Notice was given that the next lecture, in continuation, would be in Eleecker street church, (Dr. Mason's,) next Sabbath evening; and should the succeeding be, as we trust they will, as able and eloquent as this and the preceding, the community, surely, will have occasion to be grateful for the wisdom and liberality of the intelligent citizens, under whose auspices the course has been so happily commenced.

Journal Commerce.

WANTED.—No. 18 of Vol. I., and No. 11 of Vol. III., of the Anglo American, for which 12 cents each will be paid.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 19 1/2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1845.

The Halifax Mail Steamers have ceased during the winter months to run Semi-monthly, we shall, therefore, not be likely to have any European intelligence earlier than a fortnight hence, unless, what is not probable, some Packet Ship make a short winter run of it.

The latest Mexican accounts are of great interest; it would seem that the career of Santa Anna is at length completely ended, his army has deserted him, he is a proscribed man, and a fugitive. Nevertheless if he shall succeed to escape beyond the Mexican bounds he may be able to pass the remainder of his days in affluence, though not in happiness, as he is said to be possessed of large private fortune. The change in the government, however, does not cause any change in the foreign relations with Mexico, and the proposed annexation of Texas is likely to meet with as strong an opposition from the New Mexican authorities as from those who have now become politically defunct. In fact the question itself seems to be involved in numerous difficulties, which have been started by every complexion of politics in Congress.

THE BISHOP OF NEW YORK.—This City, nay even these United States are ringing so loudly and so generally upon the exciting and important topic which gives heading to this article, that we should perhaps be deemed negligent as chroniclers, and cold as religionists or moralists, did we omit altogether to take notice of it. It is the great feature of the day, and is replete with reflections and consequences to an extent which cannot be calculated. But in noticing this subject we do so with the most unaffected and deep reluctance, because it is one, the discussion of which may be carried too far, inflicting more numerous and more severe wounds on religion and morality than have ensued even from the very facts which are at present the daily subject of comment.

A Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, presiding over the Diocese of a neighbouring State was arraigned before his Right Reverend Brethren on charges of Immorality and conduct unsuitable to the character of a Christian man, still more unsuitable to his position as a Spiritual Pastor in high authority. The charges were proved and he was—degraded. The public degradation of an individual for acts contrary to divine and human laws, is an occurrence lamentably so frequent that the community at large scarcely feel shocked at it, but in a case like this there are numerous circumstances which instantly rise up into consideration, startling and confounding in their quality, and destructive of the usual equanimity with which such punishments are heard of. Religion itself is deeply wounded, through the sides of her most responsible servants. It is the joy of the scoffer, when a professor of religion stumbles; that joy is increased if the faulty man be a minister at the Altar; and if he wield the Pastoral Staff, the exaltation is supreme. Let such, however, read Milton—if they can read him—who has embodied in a beautiful figure the exaltation of

Satan and his crew when he related, on his return from earth to hell, his successful temptation of a now fallen man. They attempted a shout of joy, but the shout was an involuntary hiss, in which the Arch-traitor joined, and the whole company fell prone—a host of hell-doomed serpents! The pious Christian, however, mourns over such defalcations, he mourns poor human nature, which can so deeply err even against the restraints of education, position, and the dread of shame; he feels that religion and her ministers are confounded by the mass of mankind; he even feels like the soldier whose own regiment is his pride, that other regiments can pick a hole in the discipline of his own, and he himself is humbled in wearing his uniform. For these and numerous kindred reasons, there was consternation throughout the Episcopal Church, and also in the minds of many a humble worshipper belonging to other denominations; for all reflecting persons felt that religion had sustained injury in the disgrace of her most exalted earthly ministers.

Scarcely had the public begun to breathe in a tranquil manner after the confusion incident to the degradation of a Christian Bishop when low rumours are heard of there being matter of enquiry known respecting his brother, holding an equally high and onerous position in this State. At first these murmurings were indistinct and undefined, and many, ourselves among the number, presumed that there was some misapplication of the alleged faults of the one brother to the character of the other; then again it was surmised that ill-natured feelings might exist among those who were opposed to the Bishop's notions of the Tractarian doctrines; and lastly there were who believed that the fate of the former might be apt to prejudice the judgment with regard to the latter. But gradually, like the advancing day, the mists became more and more dispelled, the accusations assumed definite forms, the house of bishops was again assembled, charges were made of a nature derogating from that temperance and chastity of demeanour and conduct so necessary to the Christian character, and so essential in one who by precept and example should enforce their observance on others. The house of bishops sits in grave deliberation and inquiry day after day, many witnesses of both sexes are examined, and at length a solemn sentence is given, founded upon a verdict of eleven against six bishops composing the spiritual court. That sentence is Suspension of the offender from all pastoral and spiritual ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church, for an indefinite time. It is a singular sentence, if we understand it right, for it would seem to imply that he may hereafter find means to reinstate himself in character and position, and that in the meantime he is to enjoy the emoluments of the bishopric without performance of its duties, and the "church" in the interim is to be "without a bishop;" for be it remembered that Western New York is a distinct bishopric, and there neither is nor, under the circumstances, can be an assistant bishop of Eastern New York. The church, consequently, is fairly threatened with a schism,—an evil so great as to be especially deplored in its Litany.

We are altogether ignorant both of the specific charges and of the degree of proof which has been brought to bear upon them. Generalities are all that have met the public eye or ear, but these are of such a nature as leads to the irresistible conclusion that the sentence is an erroneous one. The charges, if we are rightly informed, are of such a kind as to exclude the idea of mitigation of the offences, consequently if the arraigned party be proved guilty, nothing short of deposition and exclusion from the ministry ought to be his fate; and on the other hand if they be not proved upon him, he is entitled to an acquittal. If there has not been time enough to bring up all the testimony that is available in the case, the house of Bishops should have adjourned their court until the remaining witnesses could be brought forward to establish the one side or the other of the question, or they should not have commenced until all things were in readiness: a person conscious of innocence would have agreed to either alternative.

It is said the proceedings in this inquiry are to be published *in extenso*;—most earnestly we hope this will not be the case. It is sufficient that they have been fully before so many who in both their public and private capacities are able to pronounce their bearings and to deal on them prudently, and it cannot answer any good ends to give them to the world at large. It may indulge a prurient curiosity, gratify scandalous habits, cause great uneasiness to many when names are dragged before the public in such a matter, strike fresh indictments upon morality and religion themselves, and against this mass of evils what solitary good will it do? Why simply this, perhaps, it may add greatly to the emolument of some remorseless tamperer with character and feeling, who may attempt to cover his rapacious motives under the pretext that the law requires that all proceedings should be open. Let such understand however that the law has no cognizance here, and cannot redress or punish; either of these being in conformity with the rules of the religious society to which the offender may belong. Publishers therefore will do well to recollect that they will be liable to all libel consequences which can be proved upon such a publication.

Too late! That most painful and mortifying of all exclamations,—how earnestly would we, that those in whose hands reside the power to give or to withhold, would consider of the agony attendant upon the reflection! How many of the gifted children of genius whose patrimony is no more than that which genius itself has to bestow, would then reap reward adequate to the services they have performed to the world, instead of being obliged to trust in the illusive promises of Hope, who when she chances to fulfil a promise is not unfrequently so tardy that the fainting recipient can hardly hail its arrival with the bitter sigh of "it is too late!" Oh, if the procrastinating benefactor would arrest the passing breath, laden with the weight of that expression, and with a thought could analyse all the feelings which gave it utterance, and all the spirit which pervaded it, would it not strike his own heart with many a pang for evils

which he might have prevented had he thought more correctly of his own responsibilities? Let our readers peruse an article headed, "Too late," in our columns of to-day, and lay its moral to heart. Yet it speaks not to one side only, it speaks to all who are of sanguine temperament and who give free range to their ideas on the future. It tells them that although "the labourer is worthy of his hire," it is by no means certain that he shall receive it; and that it may be well to keep always a prudent restraint upon future hopes so that disappointment may not subdue his soul nor break his spirits. It tells us that the rich, and the honoured and the powerful, and the prosperous, are apt to be forgetful of the miseries of those who pine in doubt, poverty, suspense, and dependence; and that therefore we must promptly fulfil for ourselves that "which the hand findeth to do."

But what then? Where would be those glorious emanations of genius which have dazzled the ages in which they were given to the world, and have been the just pride of the days which have succeeded? These have been the productions of such as contemning the world and worldlings have soared unto the Empyrean, intent on leaving works for immortality with which their own names should be associated; they have looked beyond the narrow confines of the earthly tabernacle, of the frail tenement existing but for three score and ten years. They have lived their centuries in single hours, they have enjoyed their centuries in triumphant minutes, and without such forgetfulness of mortal self, such devotion to higher themes, where would the Homers, the Miltons, the Tassos, the Mozarts of the world have been formed.

It is then perhaps a wise dispensation that Genius should be capable and willing to encounter long protracted struggles; it may be that the mind in such is etherialised, and that the world is benefited by those very privations and disappointments by which the martyrs of genius have been in so large a degree visited; but the truly great mind with the power to confer blessings should be careful not to have the heartrending exclamation break upon his ear, "It is too late!"

CANADA.—The Montreal papers inform us that her Majesty has made known to Sir Charles Metcalfe her gracious intention to bestow upon him a peerage; and that the fulfilment of this intention only awaits his selection of a title.

The township of Sutton, in the county of Missisquoi, has been proclaimed a port of entry from the United States.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

PALMO'S OPERA-HOUSE. "LA SEMIRAMIDE."—This opera, by far the most splendid and beautiful work of the serious kind which ever emanated from the genius of Rossini, has been played on four successive opera nights at this house, and we do not hesitate to assert that the performances of it have been infinitely superior to anything that has ever been witnessed of the opera seria in this country. We have not hesitated to use very plain language in our strictures upon this troupe when we believed occasion to call for it, and we wish to be still more prompt in bestowing the meed of approbation when they deserve it. As a whole this is the grandest and best executed piece we have ever witnessed on this side the Atlantic, and we can well believe that the several artists have tasked their best faculties and skill in preparing it for representation. It is hardly worth while to describe the plot of a modern opera, but this is a trifle better than the usual rate, and we may give a hasty sketch of it, as follows:

Semiramis, a descendant from the Kings of Egypt, founder of Babylon, and afterwards Queen of the Assyrians, in her early youth had been beloved by Assur, of the family of Belus, and his love for her had met with a corresponding esteem. Being however ambitious, she was married afterwards to Ninus, a descendant of Belus, King of Phenicia, by whom she had a child called Ninias.

Assur afterwards pretended it was Ninus' intention to repudiate her, and Semiramis, who could ill brook a check to her absolute will, and being already conqueror of so many nations which she had made tributaries to her, yielded to the solicitations of Assur, and prepared the poison which Assur administered to Ninus at a banquet. Ninus having discovered before his death the treason of his wife and Assur, and fearing for the life of Ninias, left him in charge of Fradates, in presence of the Pontiff of Belus, and charged that he should be taken to Memphis, under the name of Arsaces; at maturer age the youth became the Commander in Chief of the armies of the vast Scythian Empire. Ninus sent to Memphis his crown, his sword, and a papyrus which related the high treason, and secured for his son the succession to the throne on his coming of age.

Assur seeking for royal sway had sought for Ninias to kill him, but neither Semiramis nor himself having succeeded in tracing him, it was thought that he had perished.

Azzema, a Princess and descendant of the family of Belus, was the next heir to the throne, and was beloved by Arsaces, who had saved her honor and her life. Assur to be sure of the throne, was also a pretendant, and Idrenus King of Egypt, also wished to marry her.

Arsaces arrives at Babylon, bringing with him the crown &c., to be delivered to the High Priest Oroë; the latter explains to him his real position, reveals the secret of his mother's crime, and crowns him. Semiramis chooses Arsaces as her husband, not knowing that he is her son, and whilst the confusion exists, of contending emotion, the ghost of the murdered Ninus appears, who obscurely denounces and promises. Arsaces afterwards shows the paper to Semiramis which declares their near relation to each other, and the latter though filled with remorse rejoices to find her son yet in life. The foiled Assur descends into the tomb of Ninus, intending to assassinate his supposed rival Arsaces; Ninias also descends accompanied by Oroë, with the purpose of immolating Assur to the manes of Ninus; and Semiramis follows to shed her tears of repentance; all in darkness, each begins to seek the other, directed only by their

several voices, and at length Ninias attempting to strike Assur with his sword, kills his own mother. The guards come in, Assur is seized, and Ninias is in despair at the dreadful catastrophe.

Such is the libretto. The part of Semiramis was exceedingly well acted by Signorina Boghesse, who is always excellent in this part of her duties, but her singing also was better than usual. She had not to go so high in her compass in this opera as in some others in which she takes part, therefore the thinness of her upper notes was not so perceptible; her executions were elegant and she well deserved the applause she received. Signora Pico went through the part of Arsaces to admiration, her singing and acting throughout were complete gems, and she threw all hearers into ecstasies of delight. Perozzi was a good Idrenus, and Valtellina deserves good praise as Assur. The Idrenus indeed is an easy part both in the quantity and quality of the music, but the part of Assur is an arduous undertaking, and if Valtellina could repress the excessive roar to which he gives way so much, and had some flexibility in his voice, there would be very much to praise and very little to censure in his performance. Unfortunately for him in this instance the Assur is one of the most brilliant and rapid in the whole rôle of the *bassi cantanti*, abounding in glittering triplets which Rossini seems to love so greatly, and rushing into so many roulades and cadenzas, all of which are beyond the powers of Valtellina to produce with elegant effect; he certainly did surprise us agreeably notwithstanding, and has fairly earned laurels in the performance of this opera. One of the most charming concerted pieces in this fine work is the Round for 4 voices, in the first act, it was in the most polished style of the composer and was listened to in breathless attention; the duet between Pico and Valtellina "D'un tenero amore" was another beautiful piece of vocalism. The scene "Quella ricordati" in the second act, by Boghesse and Valtellina was another fine composition and was well done; but the jewel of the opera was the well known duet "Giorno d'orrore" sung by Boghesse and Pico in most exquisite style, and which was encored *a furor*.

The glorious overture to this opera was played by the orchestral force in a manner worthy of it and that is indeed saying much; the instrumentation and its performance formed a very essential part of the gratification experienced, and the general getting up of the piece evidenced determination to please the public taste. The military band on the stage was highly effective, the processions and the groupings were on a liberal and tasteful principle, the scenes do infinite credit to the artist who painted them, and as for the dresses they were incomparable, far surpassing the ordinary care in the matter. We did hear indeed that they were made in and specially imported from Milan. The house has been crowded every night of its performance, and we trust should a new series be commenced, that the troupe will go on with the "Semiramide" and not interrupt the present tide of its most deserved success.

OLE B. BULL.—This distinguished artist gave a Concert on Monday evening at the Tabernacle; it was a tempestuous night, but it was no loss to him for we hear that two thousand tickets had been disposed of ere Monday morning. On this occasion he treated his hearers to a composition (his own) of a *nouveau genre*, namely, the embodiment of the genius of a Psalm of David. Two things we regret concerning this, first, that we could not be present, and have not heard any one venture to give an explicit opinion on it; secondly, that we are not likely to hear it for some time, as the Maestro is on the wing to the South. He has won and deserved to win "golden opinions from all sorts of people" here in the North.

MR. CLIBBUUGH'S LECTURES ON SCOTTISH MINSTRELSY.—This gentleman who has with great and very discreet pains arranged a set of lectures illustrative of the History of Scottish Song, amply illustrated by specimens of different ages and schools of this favorite class of vocalism, has been peculiarly unfortunate in the condition of the weather on the evenings assigned for their delivery. The Second has been postponed until Tuesday evening next; it will be called "A Night with Burns," and many of the most popular ballads of the Scottish minstrel will be sung. The Lectures though really a Series, consist of six, each of which is complete in itself; and we venture to say that any of all of them will be a real treat to lovers of Scottish music.

MISS JOSEPHINE BRANSON.—We have been gratified in perceiving that the Artists and Cognoscenti of Philadelphia have been prompt to perceive the merits and capabilities of this extraordinary child, and ready in giving their testimony to the world on the matter. We have seen a copy of a certificate voluntarily offered and signed by names of no little authority, to the following effect:—

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16, 1844.

We have had the pleasure of hearing Miss Josephine Branson at a private party, and must confess that we never heard a child (of not ten years of age) play on the Piano with all the rapidity, the precision, the steady time keeping, and the taste of an adult professor; she throws more force, also into the volumes of her tones than we could have supposed her *physique* could accomplish. We feel confident she is destined to rival the greatest Pianist thus far known.

S. Ehrlich,	Edwd. Barton,	C. N. Rudolph,
B. C. Cross,	Joseph Pichy,	C. F. Stolte,
J. D. Coninet,	F. Dorigo,	Vincent Schmidt.
C. Jarvis,	A. Reinhart,	

We understand that she will give a second Concert in this city in a week or two, and we trust she will continue to meet the patronage she so well deserves.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Second Concert of this capital Society, at the present season, will take place this evening. We fear it will be useless to advise our readers to be prompt in procuring their tickets for the occasion, for we have reason to believe that there are already issued a number sufficient to cram the room.

MUSIC IN EUROPE.

The most important and interesting publication of November has been three choruses of Rossini, having for title "La Foi," "L'Espérance," and "La

Charité. The first two are for three female voices, and were composed in 1812; the last one is an entirely new production, and is also for three male voices, with a solo for a soprano. The chorus of "La Charité" is spoken of as being a capital piece, by the very few who have been able to listen to it at the musical source given on that occasion by M. Troupenas.

"La France Musicale,"—this popular and excellent musical paper will make its subscribers acquainted with the new chef d'œuvre of Rossini: the three choruses will be performed in his first concert which was to take place in the middle of last month.

Verdi,—this very young composer, already popular and famous in Italy, has just given a new score, called "I due Foscari." The plot of it is an imitation of our Byron's drama. Such was the triumphant success of the maestro that on the third night he was called on the stage over forty times!!

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Bourcicault, author of the very clever and popular Comedy of "London Assurance," has produced another, called "Old Heads and Young Hearts," which was brought out at this theatre on Monday night. We candidly confess that "at this present writing" (Thursday morning) we have not yet had opportunity to witness its performance; but as next week is dedicated at the Park to the performance of "The Bohemian Girl," we shall be able to speak our humble notions of it before it shall be resumed. In the meantime, however, we shall present the impressions of the London "Times" editor on the subject. They are as follows:—

"Of late years, the fault of our so-called Comedies, has not been that they have pleased one class of persons alone,—on the contrary, they have pleased nobody, and ranged every faction on the opposition. We have had dull productions, good of no kind, that have expired without a friend—they have not been amusing and have therefore failed, for be it remembered, if a work be amusing, in some sort or other, it will work its way through the public, though three of the four factions above enumerated set their brains and their pens to work to demolish it; and this do we say of Mr. Dion Bourcicault's Comedy of 'Old Heads and Young Hearts' produced last night, that it was the most amusing Five Act production, that has been seen for years, and that it has pleased, honestly pleased, the Public, to a degree that may defy the exertions of any opposing theorist to dispute its claim to popularity; the curtain descended amidst a perfect roar of applause, and we must say that the success was fully deserved, the author has produced a work that has more elements of popularity, than any of equal length that we have seen for a long, long time."

Mr. Crisp took his benefit on Thursday evening, when he introduced a new piece called "Used up," and was likewise assisted by an Amateur actor,—Mr. Durivage, a gentleman connected with the daily Journal, "The Aurora."

BOWERY THEATRE.—The new Comedy of "Old Heads and Young Hearts" has been produced here also, and is followed by the popular extravaganza of "The Yellow Dwarf."

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The burlesque of "Telemachus" begins to be better understood and consequently has improved in the estimation of the visitors there. The fact is that it is exceedingly well acted and is well put upon the stage. The two Misses Vallée prove very attractive here.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—The legitimate drama has at present possession of the stage here, the performances consisting of such tasteful pieces as "The Lady of Lyons," "The Loan of a Lover," &c.; yet not without a sprinkling of the Spectacle school, as we perceive that "Jack Sheppard" can hold its place, and "The Cherokee Chief" can draw numbers.

Literary Notices.

THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—Part XVI.—New York: Harper & Brothers. —This beautiful edition of the Holy Scriptures is proceeded with as rapidly as due care will permit. We perceive, however, that it will make still quicker advances, as the enterprising publishers state in an advertisement that they have availed themselves of additional facilities. The edition does not fall off in any respect from the early specimens, and when complete it will be a great family treasure.

THE AMERICAN ABORIGINAL PORTFOLIO.—By J. O. Lewis.—New York: Lewis & Jones, 128 Fulton Street.—The work before us has many claims to American attention and patronage. It consists of Portraits of the most remarkable Indian Chiefs of different nations who have figured in recent affairs. They were taken by Mr. Lewis himself, he having been appointed for that purpose by the American government; Mr. Lewis has added biographical sketches of each subject, briefly and tersely written, and the work when complete will contain 36 portraits and accompanying biographies. The likenesses are said to be exceedingly accurate; in fact we can vouch for one of them, Black Hawk, from having seen that remarkable personage. They are all colored and costumed from nature. It is intended to publish this work in six parts, each containing six subjects, at the price of one dollar per part.

The relatives and friends of the family, and also the members of Olive Branch Lodge, No. 31, I. O. of O. F., are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from her late residence, 18 Mercer street, on Sunday next, at one o'clock.

DIED.—On Thursday morning, 9th inst. after a long and painful illness, Catherine, wife of Ebenezer Clarke, aged 35 years.

THE SLAVE-MARKETS AT ALEXANDRIA.

I went to visit the slave-markets, one of which is held without the city, in the courtyard of a deserted mosque. I was received by a mild-looking Nubian, with a large white turban wreathed over his swarthy brows, and a bermoose, or cloak of white and brown striped hair-cloth, strapped round his loins. He rose and laid down his pipe as I entered, and led me in silence to inspect his stock. I found about thirty girls scattered in groups about an inner court. The gate was open, but there seemed no thought of escape. Where could they go, poor things? "The world was not their friend, or the world's law." Some of them were grinding millet between two stones; some were kneading the flour into bread; some were chatting in the sunshine; some sleeping in the shade. One or two looked sad and lonely enough, until their gloomy countenances were lighted up with hope—the hope of being bought! Their faces were, for the most part, woefully blank; not with the blankness of pleasure, but of intelligence; and many wore and awfully animal expression. Yet there were several figures of exquisite symmetry among them, which, had they

been indeed the bronze statues they resembled, would have attracted the admiration of thousands, and would have been valued at twenty times the price that was set upon these immortal beings. Their proprietor showed them off as a horse-dealer does his cattle, examining their teeth, removing their body-clothes, and exhibiting their paces. He asked only from twenty-five to thirty pounds sterling for the best and comeliest of them. The Abyssinians are the most prized of the African slaves, from their superior gentleness and intelligence; those of the Galla country are the most numerous and hardy. The former have well-shaped heads, beautiful eyes, an agreeable brown colour, and shining smooth black tresses. The latter have low foreheads, crisp hair, sooty complexions, thick lips, and projecting jaws.

It is like the change from night to morning to pass from these dingy crowds to the white slaves from Georgia and Circassia. It is not without considerable difficulty that admission is obtained into this department of the human bazaars, as its commodities are only purchased by wealthy and powerful Moslems; and, when purchased, are destined to form part of the female aristocracy of Cairo.

These fetch from one, two, three, or even five hundred pounds, and, being so much more valuable than the Africans, are much more carefully tended. They reclined upon carpets, richly but lightly clad. Some were smoking; some chatting merrily together; some sitting in a dreamy languor. All their attitudes were very graceful, as seems necessarily the case when well-formed women are left to themselves, and grouped upon a floor.

They were, for the most part, exquisitely fair; but I was disappointed in their beauty. The sunny hair and heaven-blue eyes, that in England produce such an angel-like and intellectual effect, seemed to me here mere flax and beads; and I left them to the "turbaned Turk" without a sigh—except, perhaps, a very little one, for those far away in mine own land, whose image they served, however, faintly to recall.

Crescent and the Cross.

THE LADY OF THE HAREM.

The lady of the harem, couched gracefully on a rich Persian carpet, strewn with soft pillowy cushions, is as rich a picture as admiration ever gazed on. Her eyes, if not as dangerous to the heart as those of our country, where the sunshine of intellect gleams through a heaven of blue, are, nevertheless, perfect in their kind—and at least as dangerous to the senses. Languid, yet full, brimful of life; dark, yet very lustrous; liquid, yet clear as stars; they are compared by their poets to the shape of the almond, and the bright timidity of the gazelle's. The face is delicately oval, and its shape is set off by the rich red and purple and golden turban, the most becoming headdress in the world. The long, black, silken tresses are braided from the forehead, and hang wavy on each side of the face; behind they fall in a glossy cataract, sparkling with little golden drops, such as might have glittered on Danae when she came forth from her shower-bath. A light tunic of pink or pale blue crape is covered with a long silk robe, open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately slipped little feet, that peep daintily from beneath the full silken trousers. Round the loins, rather than the waist, a cachemere shawl is loosely wrapt as a girdle, and an embroidered jacket, or a large silk robe, with loose, open sleeves, completes the costume. Nor is the water-pipe, with its long variegated serpent, and its jewelled mouth-piece, any detraction from the portrait. Picture to yourself one of Eve's brightest daughters, in Eve's own loving land. The woman-dealer has found among the mountains that perfection in living woman which Praxiteles scarcely realized, when inspired fancy wrought out its ideal in marble. Silken scarfs, as richly coloured and as airy as the rainbow, wreath her round, from the snowy brow to the finely rounded limbs, half buried in billowy cushions; the attitude is the very poetry of repose; languid, it may be, but glowing life is thrilling beneath that flower-soft exterior, from the varying cheek and flashing eye, to the henna-dyed taper fingers that capriciously play with the rosary of beads. The blaze of sunshine is round her kiosk, but she sits in the softened shadow so dear to the painter's eye. And so she dreams away the warm hours in such a calm of thought within, and sight or sound without, that she almost starts when the gold fish gleams in the fountain, or the breeze-ruffled roses shed blossoms on her bosom.

Crescent and the Cross.

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n 30-4f.

TRUTH AKIN TO NATURE.

HAVE you pain? Be thankful! It is a vigorous effort of Nature to throw off morbid matter. From what may the morbid matter arise? From a bruise, or unwholesome air which has become mixed with the blood, not incorporated in it, but which is liable to taint the whole mass if not speedily removed. The tide pain may arise from bile which has become bad, rancid, putrid, in consequence of the want of power in the proper organs to discharge it. This pain which so frightens people is only the symptoms of the efforts of Nature for the vital principle of the blood, to expel the PECCANT or IMPURE matter, which would otherwise destroy the human fabric. All diseases are of the solids or fluids, or both. When we have pain in our head, or in our feet, in our throat or in our back or bowels, let us not be satisfied that it is produced by the efforts of our blood to throw out morbid matter, and if this be so, if we can but believe and understand this, our cure will be easy and generally sure. For our course will then be to Help Nature to throw off the morbid matter, not to take away the blood. For the blood, EVERY DROP WE HAVE IS REQUIRED TO INSURE ULTIMATE HEALTH to the body, we must NOT LOSE A DROP; neither must we use any medicines internally which are not perfectly harmless, if applied externally to the body. So we must not use any of the preparations of mercury, NEITHER MUST WE USE ANY vegetable medicine of CORROSIVE POWER.

In order to discriminate between Truth, which is eternal, and conjecture, which is like a transient vision, we must be guided by the light of EXPERIENCE. To what does experience direct? To the FREE USE OF DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS in all cases of bodily suffering. As this advice is followed, SO WILL THE HEALTH OF THE BODY BE. The writer has long used them and has never found them fail of imparting relief. In all acute diseases let Brandreth's Pills and mud diet be used, and the patient will soon be restored to good health. In chronic complaints, let the Pills be used as often as convenient, by which means the vitality of the blood will be improved, and a crisis will be generally brought about; the disease being changed to acute, a few large doses of Pills and a few days' confinement to the house, will change the chronically diseased individual to a sound man. This is no figure of the imagination; it can be proved by a thousand matter-of-fact men who have experienced it. REMEMBER, in all cases of disease, no matter whether it be a cold or a cough; whether it be asthma or consumption; whether it be rheumatism or pleurisy; whether it be typhus or fever-and-ague, or bilious fever; or cramp, or whooping cough, or measles; whether it be scarlet fever or small pox; that the Pills known as Brandreth's Pills will surely do more than all the medicines of the Drug Stores for your restoration to health, and what is more will surely do you no harm.

TRUST TO BRANDRETH'S PILLS, take them so as to produce a brisk effect, and your sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who are too wise to follow this common sense advice, will be sick for months. Let the sick enquire of the agents for Brandreth's Pills whether these things be so or not. Let them enquire among their friends and ask the same question. Verily, if EVIDENCE is wanted it shall be procured. To the sick, let me say, use the

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Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

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Yours truly,

J. HUGHES.

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